



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1918



**C**HRISTMAS will soon be with us again!

So, too, the Christmas issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Both will bring with them cheer, joy and gaiety.

Don't be deprived of your annual treat—the sprightly, entertaining beautiful December number.

There'll be pictures 'n everything.



**S**TAGE women have surely done their bit in the war.

They have worked and are working in France with the Y. M. C. A. and the "Over There Theatre League," they expended their efforts on the Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamp Drives, they have appeared at all patriotic rallies lending their talents to entertain audiences, and their popularity to attract the throngs.

The December issue will contain full-page portraits of a number of our favorite players in strikingly beautiful poses representing America and her Allies.

Each picture will be worth framing—as a glimpse of our next number will prove.



**T**HERE has been a great deal of discussion, pro and con, regarding the theatrical marriage.

In the Christmas issue Zoe Beckley will tell you about famous couples in stardom—how they fare in matrimony, why there are so many failures and some notable successes.

Children, too, influence the player. Jane Grey would never have gone on the stage but for her two youngsters.

Then there is the question of marrying out of the profession. This interesting article will tell you about the

stage as a matrimonial bureau for British, Wall Street and Pittsburgh aristocracy.



**L**AST season the Little Theatre was the talk of Broadway.

It made managers sit up and take notice. Organizations with ideas, ideals and youthful daring produced playlets that were really worth while.

Dunsany was first introduced to us through the little theatres.

But now, alas, the Little Theatre has gone to war. Pierrot has laid aside his frills for the olive drab of Uncle Sam.

If you want to learn what has become of the brave Washington Square Players and the artistic Greenwich Villagers, the Christmas THEATRE MAGAZINE will help you out.



**D**O you know that Nazimova once pushed a wheel cart holding her costumes and baggage through the streets of London—when she was too poor to pay the cartage from the railway station to the theatre at which she was to appear?

If you don't—it's one of the reasons why you sit quietly in the background while the company is being entertained with intimate details regarding players.

Do you know that Tully Marshall, the well-known player, at one time worked for an undertaker, before he became an actor and actually wore the fringe from a hearse on his costume (as a prince) when he made his first stage appearance?

Of course you don't. But you would if you read the THEATRE MAGAZINE regularly. Read these and other snappy, witty bits in the next issue.



The warning this year is "Do your Christmas shopping early."

We add, order your THEATRE MAGAZINE early—before the supply is gone.

Or, so as to be sure of your copy, subscribe now. \$4.00 a year.

## IN THIS ISSUE

ESTELLE WINWOOD	Cover
GINA RAVINE AS BELGIUM	Frontispiece
THE WAR AND THE DRAMA	266
SCENES IN "THE UNKNOWN PURPLE"	267
FAMOUS FRENCH ORCHESTRA HERE	268
ARTISTIC TOUCHES IN NEW PLAYS—Full page of pictures	269
THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE,	
Blanche Bates, Hazel Dawn, Leon Errol,	
Nazimova, DeWolf Hopper	270
MUSIC AND DRAMA IN PASSING SHOWS,	
Full page of scenes	271
NEW YORK WELCOMES OPERA IN ENGLISH	272
SCENES IN "THE SPICE OF LIFE"	273
HIS LETTERS HOME	Frances L. Garside 274
COMEDY, FARCE, AND SPIES ON BROADWAY,	
Full page of scenes	275
IN THE SPOTLIGHT	276
MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY	277
"Redemption," "The Saving Grace," "Tea For Three," "An Ideal Husband," "The Unknown Purple," "Information, Please!" "The Awakening," "Some Night," "Someone In The House," "Crops and Croppers," "Another Man's Shoes," "One of Us," "Over Here," "Humpty-Dumpty," "The Maid of the Mountains," "Jonathan Makes A Wish," "The Walk-Offs," "Forever After."	
SCENES IN "AN IDEAL HUSBAND"	Mildred Cram 281
CLOTHES AND THE DRAMA	282
MITZI—Full-page portrait	283
SAY, LET'S HAVE A SHOW	Charles M. Steele 284
LITTLE THEATRE STARS SHINE—Full page of pictures	285
AFTER THE PLAY IS OVER	Harriet Kent 286
DRAMATIC FARE FOR THE PLAYGOER,	
Full page of scenes	287
A THEATREGOER'S TABLE TALK	Charlton Andrews 288
STAGE FOLK AS SEEN BY A WELL KNOWN ARTIST,	
Full page of portraits	289
A NEW RIP FOR THE OLD	Ada Patterson 290
YOUTH, BEAUTY AND ABILITY—Full page of portraits	291
MODERN COMEDIES AT THE FRENCH THEATRE	292
SCENE IN "FIDDLERS THREE"	293
THE PUBLIC AND THE ARTIST	Desiree Lubovska 294
A TRIUMVIRATE OF LEADING PLAYERS,	
Full page of portraits	295
A PAGE FROM YESTERDAY	296
AMATEUR THEATRICALS	297
FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS	Anne Archbald 302
MOTION PICTURE SECTION	Edited by Mirilo 315

LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER  
Publishers  
ARTHUR HORNBLow  
Editor

THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; FOUR DOLLARS BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, ADD \$1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, ADD 85c.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you change your address, we must ask that you notify us not later than the tenth of the month, otherwise the next issue will go to your old address and we cannot replace it.

THE PUBLISHERS.



# "Onyx"



# Hosiery



*Emery & Beers Company, Inc. NEW YORK*  
*Sole owners of "Onyx" and wholesale distributors*

*Sold everywhere by representative dealers. the trade mark identifies them*



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 213.

NOVEMBER, 1918



*From a photograph by Sarony*

MLLE. GINA RAVINE AS THE SPIRIT OF HEROIC BELGIUM

At the recent Liberty Loan Rally at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mlle. Ravine, assisted by George Rena-vent, recited the stirring patriotic poem "*La Bataille de L'Yser*" by the well-known Belgian poet Armand Varlez



## THE WAR AND THE DRAMA



A SEASON or two back, one of the favorite foolish questions among the *nuts theatricalis* was, How will the war affect the drama?

The answer to the question has long since become apparent. It is:—

Barring propaganda, not at all.



BUT, you persist, the majority of our plays nowadays are about the war.

Very true. In spite of our astute producers, nearly all of whom a few years ago were sagely announcing that in war times theatregoers wanted their attention distracted in the playhouse from the horrors of the conflict, and who accordingly prophesied that few war plays would reach the stage—in spite of the relentless logic of these male Cassandras the majority of our plays nowadays concern the crushing of the Hun.

Nevertheless the war has as yet not actually affected the drama. Rather, we may say, the drama has affected the war, in that these martial plays almost without exception have extracted from their subject-matter—as subject-matter involving all that is noblest and most colossal in the supreme effort to make the world a decent place to live in—the merest triviality.

The best that the stage has been able to realize from this subject-matter is its propaganda. And propaganda is really not the true material of art. Plays like "Out There" and "Getting Together" have served a patriotic purpose by encouraging recruiting. Other pieces such as "Friendly Enemies" and "Allegiance" have done their bit toward converting the citizenry of Germanic origin to a purer Americanism.

But however successful in that field, the drama is never at its best when it devotes itself chiefly to the didactic.



YOU will perhaps recall that in the beginning our war plays were mostly pacifist tracts. We had such effusions as "Beyond the Border," and "Moloch," wherein the author assuming that no evil-doing could justify the least act of violence in self-defense, lambasted Mars without mercy.

That such a thesis should have been sustained by playwrights and producers was in itself pathetic enough. The American playgoing public resented the insult to their intelligence. Most of them knew perfectly well that war itself—so far from being intrinsically evil—may be the holiest of human activities, and that only the motive behind war may be questioned as to its righteousness.

We knew that German war, ruthlessly fought

for self-aggrandizement, was the most horrendous thing in modern history. But we knew, too, that Belgian war and French war and British war, waged as much in a spirit of self-sacrifice for human liberty as for self-preservation, was only the supreme expression of that love than which no man hath a greater.

But America was "neutral." For a long, weary time we were "neutral." And there were managers in those days who were stupid enough to think that the public would be pleased to see on the stage Belgium, because she dared to resist, by implication branded with the same mark of Cain that sets apart the Germans from the rest of mankind!

That was the first step in the theatre toward the reduction of the war to piffle.

And the second was like unto it.

The second was the inevitable war melodrama.

Obviously it was no new form. It was just the same old melodrama that countless Howards and Gillettes had written about the Civil War, and that innumerable other playwrights had written about all the wars that have ever afflicted humanity.



EVEN in Revolutionary days there was a big demand for war plays. Long after the surrender at Yorktown, the victorious Americans liked to see in mimic action on the stage some of the vivid scenes of the real battlefield. One of the most popular of the early American plays—in fact the first piece in this country to have a run, was Burk's "Bunker Hill," a rank melodrama full of what Dunlap probably correctly calls: "smoke, noise and nonsense," but the presentment, crude as it was, pleased the patrons of the Boston and New York theatres, and for a time the play held the stage against all comers.

The plot, incidents and characters, of most of our war plays are about the same. It is necessary to change only the location, the uniforms, and the ordnance. A flash or two of wireless, the whirr of an airplane motor, a reference to "Big Berthas" and forty-two centimeter guns, and your "Shenandoah" became your "Under Fire."

To call them war melodramas is to dignify them unduly. Invariably they were nothing more than common spy plays. The war was only the background. And you could safely wager your Panama that either the taciturn butler or the buxom vampire was acting under orders from Wilhelmstrasse, and that there was a secret wireless concealed somewhere in every second act.

Eventually the war melodrama degenerated into a noise contest, with each manager seeking

to outdo his predecessors in gunfire, dust, smoke, and falling scenery.

It is unnecessary to mention the titles. We have been more than drenched with this sort of fatuous puerility, which must have grieved the great god Mars far more poignantly than did all the yammerings of the hen-headed pacifists.



ANOTHER favorite way of reducing war to banal nonsense has been exhibited in what might be called the mush plays. In most of them a *poilu* or a Tommy marched away to battle, leaving behind him a tear-spattered bride or bride-elect, only to march back again with a chestful of medals in the last act.

Isn't stage novelty wonderful?

It even extended to that fresh and highly probable situation wherein the shero—separated usually by an impossible misunderstanding from her heroic swain—became a Red Cross (or a cross red) nurse invariably to find her wounded lover dying in the same hospital to which she was assigned.

Naturally it took only a touch of her warm hand to snatch him back from the jaws of death after all the surgeons had failed. We came up against this wonderful situation even in "Out There."

There wouldn't be so much to object to in the mush type of war drammer if more of the sentiments expressed therein would ring true, and if each opus were not so obviously a Hindenburg drive against the tear-ducts of those easy weepers who seem to confine their facial ablutions to the playhouse.

Somehow or other, mush and sincerity get out of step with each other.

When it comes to comedies of the war—Lord, how we have suffered! Most of them died young—glory be!—but a few of them were mistaken by a misguided public for actual humor. There was, for instance, "Arms and the Girl," which was founded on the intolerable thesis that the Germans in Belgium were a kind-hearted, if brusque, set of human beings!



MORE recently the topic under discussion is loyalty. The authors are worrying considerably about the poor hyphens over here who have to reconcile their German blood with their American allegiance. But the loyalty play, for the most part, gives us a purely machine-made German-American at a time when even real German-Americans have lost most of their interest for us.

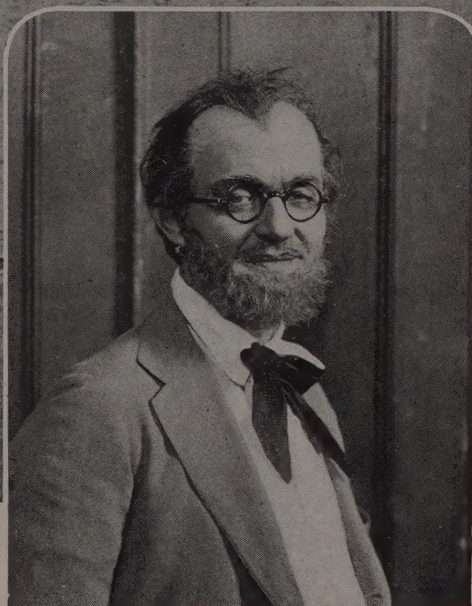
Barrie is credited with worth-while war playlets in the case of "The New Word" and "The



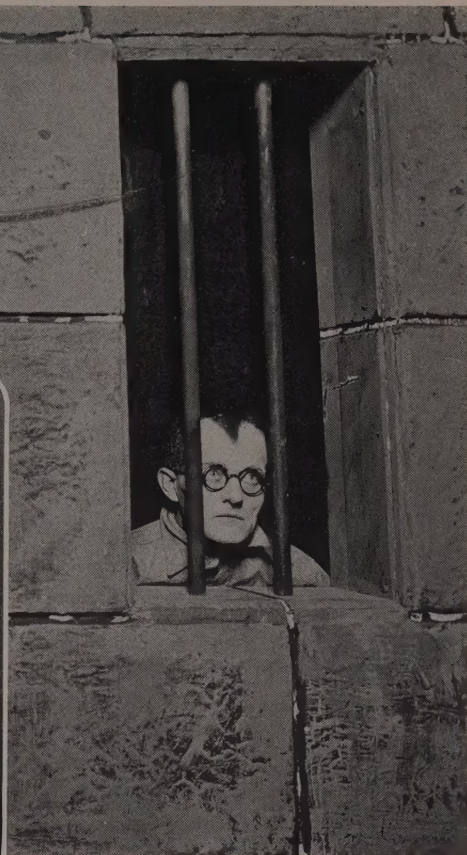


Photos White

Bill  
Herbert Ashton



Richard Bennett as Peter Marchmont



Convict 1408  
Richard Bennett



Jewel  
Helen MacKellar Allison  
Frank McCormick Bonnie  
Marion Kerby V. Cromfort  
Richard Bennett

**THE UNKNOWN PURPLE** is the story of a wife who wrongfully sends her husband to jail, marries her lover, and profits by the invention of her locked up mate. When the latter is discharged, like the Dantes of the historic "Monte Cris-

to," he sets out in his career of diabolically conceived revenge. Possessed of the power that makes him invisible, this "unknown purple" is the medium through which a series of scenes is evolved that keeps tension to the highest point till the final curtain

**"THE UNKNOWN PURPLE" A GRIPPING MYSTERY PLAY**



Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Yet they are merely thumbnail sketches of character with the war as a background. Their sum total by no means equals what we should expect of the author of "Peter Pan" with the world conflict for his inspiration.

One of the most laudable efforts of recent days at real war drama was "Her Country" by Rudolph Besier and Sybil Spottiswoode. It was an attempt to portray the actual conflict of ideals and opinions which underlies the great struggle. Teuton barbarism was shown at death grips

with civilization; kultur was matched against culture.

Here surely was the right plan of attack in dealing dramatically with the tremendous problem. But the playwrights neglected their technique, and their labor was largely in vain.

Commencing with a shrewd satire upon the trivialities of German crudity, they switched abruptly to a deadly serious, a savage but realistic picture of Hun brutishness in the home. Inevitably critic and spectator were baffled. In keeping with the earlier portion of the play, the lat-

ter part was taken for merciless exaggeration. Those who knew realized that the portrait was just, but they were in the impotent minority.

And so runs the history of our drama thus far during the Great War.

Perhaps it would be unnatural for such a period of storm and stress to bring forth first-rate art in any form. Nevertheless, it seems characteristic of the theatre in our day that under its influence such vast dramatic material as the war affords should be for the most part mini-fied and reduced to insignificance.

## FAMOUS FRENCH ORCHESTRA COMES TO AMERICA

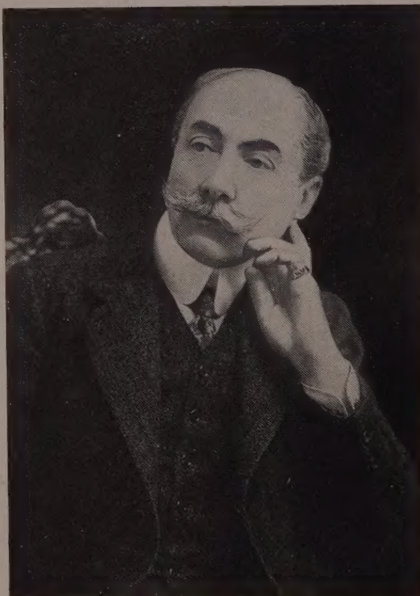
*Celebrated musical organization of the Paris Conservatoire heard at the Metropolitan*



BY the time this issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is in its readers' hands, that fraternity between the sister-republics of France and the United States,—long-celebrated, its foundation cemented by the patriots of both countries, which has been strengthened every day since the United States entered the present war,—will have been accorded a new and most interesting proof. For by that time, a French battleship will have entered one of our harbors, bringing one of the most famous of French musical bodies, the celebrated orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire (or as it is known there, "La Société des Concerts du Conservatoire") led by a man of international renown, the subject of this article. Sixty of our largest cities are to enjoy the delight of hearing this, an association not only of musicians but of artists; and so enthusiastic have been the responses and guarantees received by the French-American Association for Musical Art, which, at the request of the French High Commission, has taken the matter in charge, that the fifty concerts which began at the Metropolitan on October 15th will probably be added to by a score of additional hearings.

It is good that it should be so. The love and enthusiasm for all things French which is sweeping our entire country to-day, can most profitably be extended to French music. We have, it is true, shown for a long time great interest in the works of the French composers,—an interest fostered in things operatic by the Metropolitan, Manhattan and Chicago Operas, in things orchestral by our symphonic and chamber music societies, and recently again demonstrated through Otto Kahn's agency, in the delight with which the critics and public of New York and elsewhere received the performance of the Société des Instruments Anciens. But we have only begun as a public, to delve in this mine of beauty, and no better opportunity could be offered us for its further exploration than the visit of an organization which is also a French institution; a tradition in its history of exquisite artistic achievement. The Orchestra of the Conservatoire is unique; as an organization, in origin, in history, in training, and in the character of its work. Its personnel, made up as it is almost entirely of men who are instructors at the Conservatoire, includes many players who are classed among the foremost French performers of to-day of their several instruments,—such violinists as Alfred Brun, such a bassoon as Letellier, such flautists as Gaubert, and such a piano soloist, it may be added, as Alfred Cortot,—all Conservatoire "first prize" winners of their time. Many of them have seen service in the present war.

Perhaps an especial interest attaches both to the career and the personality of the conductor, André Messager, a musician of an unusual artistic type, which has manifested itself in the threefold aspects of theatre director, orchestral conductor and composer of music. He is not



ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Distinguished French composer and conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra

young, this man who has achieved distinction on three stages,—M. Messager was born at Montluçon in 1853. But the sixty-five years of his life have held incident and accomplishment enough for twice that time. Personally, he is all that there is of the most charming and elegant. Polish and delicacy of manner are his in all the trying situations that arise in a career concerned no less with men than with ideas, and no less with ideas than with men. It was said of him by a man who knew his Paris and his Parisians well,— "Messager is the man of the world *par excellence*; the man who has learned to adapt himself to any and every contingency." He is much more than that, as a review of his career will show.

Although M. Messager studied harmony and composition with Saint-Saëns, "the grand old man of French music," his original training in music-technique was given him, like Gabriel Faure's, at the Niedermeyer school of classic

and religious music. Like Gounod, again, he began his career as organist and as *maitre de chapelle*; but his subsequent career was totally different from that of either. It has been for him, while receiving less marked distinction personally perhaps as composer,— although success has unqualifiedly been his,—to play a part which marks him uniquely in the history of French music as a man who grew with his epoch; one who used his position as dictator of operas at the Comique and Grand Operas respectively and as conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra, not only to follow the great leaders of French music-thought, but to aid these leaders to develop the French operatic and concert stages in a manner worthy of the traditions of Rameau and Grétry in classic elegance; of Halévy, Gounod and Bizet in romance and exoticism.

As musical conductor of the Opéra Comique, in conjunction with Albert Carré, from 1898 to 1903 Messager gave Paris five of the most brilliant years known to the Comique's clientèle. His first production, for example, was d'Indy's "Fervaal," a work not known, unfortunately, in the United States, but considered by many judges one of the most remarkable of modern French operas. Next, came Charpentier's "Louise," a daring innovation that justified its daring; then his beautiful and notable interpretation of "Pelléas et Mélisande." To illustrate the remarkable energy of the man, it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that in addition, from 1901 to 1907, he directed during the grand opera season at Covent Garden, and that these were among his fruitful years in the composition of his own works.

The year 1907 saw M. Messager associated with Brousseau, as chief director of the Paris Opera, that time-honored institution which belongs not only to the Paris which its wonderful building adorns, but to the whole of France in a musical kinship. On the death of Marty, in 1908, he had been appointed conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra, which position he has retained ever since.

If André Messager's conducting shows him a musician of rare natural gifts, his own compositions also are worthy of serious notice. These count about twenty, ranging from ballet, like his "Deux Pigcons," fairy play, such as "Isoline," though the field of *opéra bouffe*,—in which some of his best successes were made with "La Béarnaise" (1885) and "Les Petits Michus," (1897) to that of the lyric opera. His "La Basoche" (1890) perhaps marked the transition from *opéra bouffe* in his work; the parting of the ways.





© Mshkin



Geisler & Andrews

LOUISE GROODY  
Whose graceful and agile dancing is one of the brightest spots in "Fiddlers Three"



Carpenter

KHYVA ST. ALBANS  
Playing a leading rôle in the new piece at the Criterion entitled "The Awakening"



Mary Dale Clarke

Beatrice Maude

Gregory Kelly

The hunchback, Jonathan, sings "Twas on a summer's day," the song they both know, for Susan

THEODORE KOSLOFF  
The well-known dancer who is appearing in Ruth Sawyer's play "The Awakening"

STUART WALKER'S PRODUCTION OF "JONATHAN MAKES A WISH" RECENTLY AT THE PRINCESS

A R T I S T I C   T O U C H E S   I N   N E W   P L A Y S



# THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

*Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences*



## A TRIUMPH OF THE THEATRE

By Blanche Bates

OF all the real and vital experiences in my long years on the stage, the realest and most vital—in a purely professional way—happened only a few days ago. I was asked to speak on "The Work of Women in War" to some five thousand women workers in a munition factory. The scope and immensity of the subject frightened me—the fact that I was to stand before real women war workers didn't add to my courage—and that there were five thousand of them—and outdoors—appalled me!



BLANCHE BATES

And yet, after the first seconds of terror in facing them came such an uplift, such a soul inspiration, as could only be borne by perfect understanding, launched by absolute knowledge of the immensity of their part in this World's War. There stood representatives by blood ties of Poland, Austria, Russia, Italy and that myriad of mid-Europe states that are only names to us—and all of them in their upturned eager young faces bearing America's message of help to those blood-soaked peoples over there—the calm determination, unalterable belief in, all unswerving loyalty, to the Right that is the American Woman's answer to the toll of blood and sweat and sacrilege demanded by Germany's challenge to the civilized world.

And that a mere Stage-Worker, with only sheer belief, guided by the craft of her trade, could carry any message to that group, was a triumph for the Theatre, second to none that I know of. That the Theatre can be of use in influencing one of the tremendous forces of the day—that it can bear a directing relation to Labor—be of benefit in releasing an emotional current to illuminate any phase of true war work—is surely encouraging, gratifying, prideful, to us workers—and lovers of—the Theatre.



## A TRUE FISH STORY

By Leon Errol



LEON ERROL

Jimmy Carter, who remained on the rock alone. The boys were going home to dinner, and we shouted to Jimmy to swim ashore and come with

ABOUT twenty-six years ago, with three or four boy friends, I was swimming in Sydney Harbor, Australia. The water was infested with sharks. We boys were quite accustomed to these wolves of the sea, and their presence did not terrify us. On this occasion, we swam out to a rock about a hundred yards distance from the shore, laid on the rock, basked in the sunshine and swam back to shore—all but

us, but he kept on diving in the water and climbing back on the rock. Finally, I shouted "Good-bye, Jimmy. we're going home."

"All right, fellows, I'm coming, this is my last dive," said Jimmy. It was. He had hardly struck the water when a shark got him. We never saw Jimmy again.

After that, we boys never went into the ocean, but did our swimming inside the walls of a ruined calcium plant whose foundation was built in the water. There were several small openings that let in the water in which we did our swimming. On one occasion I dove in, and felt something grab my left leg. I caught hold of the wall, and screamed at the top of my voice. A workman who had been using an axe came to help me. He found that an octopus had wound its tentacles around my leg, and that I was being held there in a death grip. The workman cut the tentacles with his axe, and I had a terrible time tearing them away from my leg. They took some of the flesh with them. I still have the scars.



## A SHATTERED ILLUSION

By Alla Nazimova



ALLA NAZIMOVA

THAT it should have become comedy to me with the passing of years, a veiled nothing at the moment of tragedy when it occurred,—and shattered forever a cherished illusion.

We all cherished it—we young girls of the dramatic school of Moscow,—the illusion that a great actor must play his part with every fibre of his soul and body thrilled by inspiration.

Ah, yes, to be a real actor one must actually LIVE one's rôle always!

There was one great actor, the greatest at the Imperial Theatre, whom we decided to honor on the day of his Jubilee. Our class chose four of us to go to the theatre where he was appearing in his best part "King Richard III," and to present him with a bouquet from his admirers in the school. There was a speech, too—praising him for upholding the traditions of the stage, etc., etc., etc., and I was to be spokesman.

I stood in the wings of the theatre, awestruck by the solemnity of our mission and by the tense interest of the "big scene." I realized that our hero would in a moment stand before us, exhausted by the demands made upon him by his great rôle, but perhaps graciously rising above his exhaustion to listen to my humble praise.

Thrilled, I heard his tragic despair:

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field:

'Five have I slain to-day, instead of him—

"A horse! A horse! My Kingdom for a horse!"

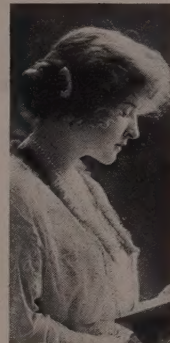
..... and then he strode off-stage, toward us, panting and still trembling with intense emotion.

He stopped abruptly, looked about an empty table crowded with props and said in the most casual tone: "Who in hell took my cigar? I left it right here!"

I dropped my bouquet.

## AN UNFORGETTABLE PREMIERE

By Hazel Dawn



HAZEL DAWN

MY appearance in "The Pink Lady" at the new Amsterdam Theatre in New York in 1911 was the turning point of my career on the stage. But the incident I regard as the most striking of my life took place later in London.

After a most successful run in this country, "The Pink Lady" was taken to London in 1912. On the night of April 8th, of that year, we opened at the Globe Theatre on Shaftsbury Avenue.

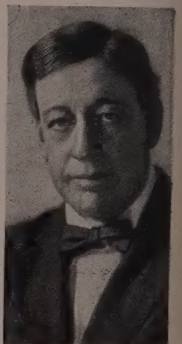
I will never forget the pleasure of that night. I had left London practically unknown. When I returned in "The Pink Lady" I was given an ovation.

After the performance I had to hire a moving van to take my flowers from the theatre to the hotel. And what pleased me the most was that Lily Elsie and other English girls I had known in more obscure days were among those who had remembered me most kindly.



## ELEPHANTS AND THRILLS

By DeWolf Hopper



DEWOLF HOPPER

THE most thrilling moment of my life was not the day I saw my first World Series. Neither was it the day when I recited "Casey at the Bat" for the first time on any stage, nor yet when I contracted matrimony for the first, second, third, fourth, or last time.

It remained for Jennie, the five-ton Hippodrome elephant who is now playing ingenue rôles with me in "Everything," to give me the real thrill, when she first towered above me, sitting on the little red tub on which she maintains a precarious balance.

I had all the sensations of a drowning man going down for the last time. How long could the giant pachyderm defy all the laws of gravitation and remain seated on an object which looked to my excited eyes about the size of a silver dollar, without falling and smashing me.

Only after a dreadful moment in which I vainly tried to recall the greatest sins of my life did I realize that Jennie was onto her job. Firmly as the Rock of Gibraltar she remained poised on her little tub, her paws gracefully in air, while I remained silhouetted against her glowing north eastern facade.

In an excess of gratitude I reached out a shaking hand and gave Jennie two tremendous pats on her exotic tummy—and now the darned old elephant won't get down without those two pats. If I forget them she sits like a graven image on her tub and holds up the show.



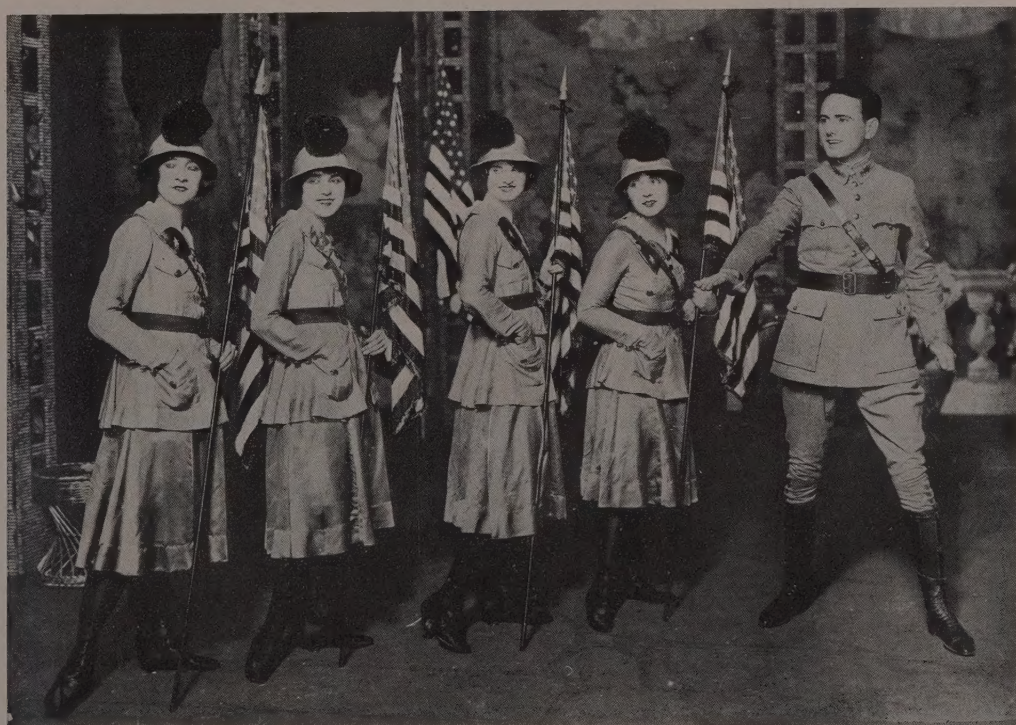


William Courtenay as Baldasarre, the bandit chief, disguised as the new Governor of Santo, and Sidonie Esposito as Teresa, whom he has come to rescue from captivity

Act II in "The Maid of the Mountains"  
recently at the Casino



Jennie (Alice Brady) and Ted (Conrad Nagel), the youthful lovers  
in Owen Davis' play, which opened the new Central Theatre



Photos White

Donald Brian and some of the girls in the musical hit  
"The Girl Behind the Gun" at the New Amsterdam

## MUSIC AND DRAMA IN PASSING SHOWS



# NEW YORK WELCOMES OPERA IN ENGLISH

*The Society of American Singers  
opens successful season at the Park*



THE Society of American Singers, in the first weeks of this season, came, saw and conquered. In a season distinguished for an already great strain financially on the majority of persons, audiences of good size attended performances in English, most of them, and given by Americans or Americanized singers. Also, these audiences manifested enthusiasm, at times a noisy delight, at the work of such well-known and well-loved artists as Maggie Teyte, Henri Scott, Riccardo Martin, David Bispham, Marguerite Sylva; such promising and clever debutantes as Blanche Da Costa, Ruth Miller, Bianca Saroya, and Craig Campbell. The singing of John Hand, the new tenor, evoked perhaps less enthusiasm than his somewhat glowingly worded advance notices led the hearers to expect.

Maggie Teyte's delightful Mignon, like her charming Antonio, is well known to a public which took her to its heart some years ago. "Mignon," by the way, was chosen as the opening opera of the first week, and an excellent choice it was. The proper "opera comique" note was struck and sustained throughout by a cast in the main excellent. Miss Teyte's Mignon, in singing appearance, dramatic skill and diction, added to the admiration which has always been hers for her interpretation of this rôle. Ruth Miller's Filina was charmingly sung and acted; Henri Scott, as Lothario, scored a success, and Carl Formes' Jarno indicated his steady advance as an artist.

Perhaps "Carmen" touched the high-water mark in the excellence of the Society's performances; without doubt "The Daughter of the Regiment" reached the lowest. In the former, the now famous Carmen of Marguerite Sylva, who sang the rôle for the three hundred and fiftieth time, was almost disputed, in its interest for the audience, by Riccardo Martin's Don José. The efficient, yet always artistically subtle interpretations, which



©Mishkin

MAGGIE TEYTE  
as Mignon



©Mishkin

MARGUERITE SYLVA  
as Carmen



JOHN HAND  
(Tenor)

have distinguished Henri Scott's work ever since his introduction to the public, marked his Escamilla and received tumultuous applause. Minor rôles, sung by Florence Mulford, Franklin Riker, Walter Green and Howard White, were capably filled in the "Carmen" performances, and the Micaela of Ruth Miller, in its sweetness and purity of tone, no less than in the attractiveness with which she invested her rôle, deserves especial attention. Richard Hageman's conducting of the performance, marked with spirit as it was, yet regarded always the lovely coloring and the subtlety of the Bizet score. Miss Sylva's Carmen, before referred to, is always one of the finest impersonations of this character before the public.

In the old days of the "star system," it would have carried the performance on its merits alone. The singers departed from the rule of "opera in the vernacular" so far as to give this work in French.

"The Daughter of the Regiment" suffered rather at the hands of the librettist than in those of the interpreters, but the general effect of the performance was in some ways less pleasing than any of the other offerings of the company. Bringing this opera's lines "up-to-date" is a risky process, one attended with a certain amount of difficulty as regards the subsequent interpretation, even by artists not experienced in the rôles; even more, usually in the case of those long experienced in the older version. Not so with David Bispham. That war horse among baritones and operatic actors quite carried the house by storm. In fact, the whole production drew stability and success from his presence, with its splendid authority of song and the perfect ease of his acting. His interpolation of

"The Marseillaise" brought down the house. Bianca Saroya, as Maria, somewhat lacking in the visualization of the rôle, sang with good control though without any extraordinary richness of tone. Craig Campbell's Tony was marked by more dramatic activity than by unusual vocal beauty; but as regards both his and Miss Saroya's interpretation, due allowance must be made for inexperience. Mr. Hadley's conducting showed, as always, his fine musicianly appreciation and an excellent command of his forces.

Comparatively few general criticisms need be made of the Society's work this year. Such defects as marred their performances were more or less inseparable from easily-understood conditions; a few cried for remedy. Long intermissions, for example, were marked as a defect of the Society's productions. That this particular defect has long been the operagoer's bugbear, having disfigured performances of other



White

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN SINGERS IN "MIGNON" AS PRESENTED AT THE PARK





(Right)  
Kitty Gladney and  
Charles Derickson



(Below)  
Edythe Whitney as  
June Elvidge

THE MINUET

(Below)

Louise Saunders as Drama



THE "revue" has become one of our theatrical institutions, but the management of the Palais Royal has succeeded in putting over something different. The attractiveness of the new bill at this popular "restaurant theatre" is proven by the crowds that flock to see it. "The Spice of Life," in addition to being well staged, is smartly costumed and exudes an atmosphere of elegance, very soothing to the frayed out nerves of the tired business man. One may partake either of dinner or supper served in a way to satisfy the most exacting Lucullus, without being compelled to disgorge in one day his weekly allowance



Photos © Underwood & Underwood

"THE SPICE OF LIFE" ATTRACTS CROWDS TO THE PALAIS ROYAL.



companies of greater size and much greater fame, did not alter the effect it produced, as it invariably does, on the audience. A perfection of *ensemble* perhaps could not be looked for under the circumstances; the artists, many of whom were also inexperienced, had not that ease and confidence in one another's support which can only result from years of work together by the same artists on the same rôles, even on the same stages. But, for attention to details of costuming and scenery; for good, or at the least, conscientious chorus work; for an earnest desire on the part of the principals to give of their best to an audience not only kindly but appreciative, the performances were noteworthy.

The second week had promised the "Tales of Hoffman" with Maggie Teyte as Antonia, Bianca Saroya as Giulietta, Ruth Miller as Olympia, with Riccardo Martin and Henri Scott respectively assuming the rôles of Hoffman and Dr. Miracle. An additionally interesting feature scheduled was Kathleen Howard's appearance as the violiniste Nicklausse. This was however postponed to Tuesday, October 10.

Following the example of the Metropolitan Opera Company, a series of Sunday evening concerts has been scheduled, to be directed by Henry Hadley. The first of these took place before a good-sized audience on Sunday evening, September 30, at the Park Theatre. Florence Hinkle Witherspoon, soprano, sang the "*Depuis le jour*" aria from "Louise" exquisitely and with fine effect "*In the Time of Roses*," Spoff's "*Yesterday and To-day*" and Woodman's "*Lives in My Heart*." Max Gegna, 'cellist, played several numbers; Craig Campbell sang "*Che Gelida*

*Manina*" from "La Bohème"; and, with Ruth Miller, Viola Robertson and Carl Formes, the famous quartet from "Rigoletto." Besides the Liszt "*Les Preludes*," the orchestra played admirably two of Mr. Hadley's own compositions, "*The Angelus*," a melodious and well-written bit of music from his own symphony; and the prelude to "*Azora*."

A large audience heard the second Sunday concert on October 6, the feature of which was a new suite of Mr. Hadley's, "*Silhouettes*," given for the first time. While the Spanish and Egyptian movements seemed informed with an especial charm, the work as a whole appealed greatly to the audience.

Mary Kent delighted the hearers with the famous contralto aria "*Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix*" from Saint-Saëns' "*Samson et Dalila*"; the singer's voice possessing an especially rich and sympathetic quality. In encore she sang "*Robin Adair*." David Bispham once more demonstrated the reason for his exceptional place in the esteem of American audiences, by his singing of the prologue from "Pagliacci." His addition of "*America*" and "*La Marseillaise*" struck the patriotic note to the delight and enthusiasm of the hearers. Franklin Riker sang a group of songs effectively. The orchestra under Dr. Hadley held to the high standard of work which has distinguished it throughout.

In this connection, it is interesting to note a recent editorial in the *New York Globe*, commending the course of the Society in "putting into execution," as the writer remarks, "its idea of providing New York with a comic opera company similar to the Paris Opéra Comique. Such

a company would take upon itself the production of the lighter and more intimate operas, and, when once established, could relieve the big Metropolitan of the duty of handling many works which are really ill-adapted to performance in a large auditorium. New York would thus possess two lyric theatres dividing between them according to suitability the operatic repertory.

"Toward this commendable end the Society of American Singers is shaping its course in wise fashion. Learning from the mistake of the New Theatre venture, the Society has not begun by building a costly theatre and setting up a new rendezvous of fashion. Its first solicitude has been to gather a company and a repertory. While these are being perfected any one of a score of theatres will do. When the venture shall have established itself will be time enough to consider a home for the organization.

"Although a belief seems to be general that in the case of a comic opera theatre in this country the performances ought to be in the English language, the directors of the present venture have no intention of sacrificing success to a theory. It is with the public that must rest the final verdict as to whether all performances are to be given in English, or some or all in the original tongues, and the public will have the opportunity to decide.

"Altogether the Society of American Singers is going about its task along the lines of discretion and common sense that are likeliest to lead it to success. It is almost superfluous to point out that the project deserves the cordial and active support of the music-loving and theatre-going public of New York."

## HIS LETTERS HOME

*The true feelings of the hero and the villain as revealed in their correspondence*

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE



WHEN he was playing the part of the villain so capably the audience hissed at his every appearance on the stage.)

DEAREST MARY—I am sorry not to send you your full allowance this week, but, hang it all, I just couldn't refuse to chip in to help Smith. After he broke his leg, the baby died, and then his wife took sick and is in a hospital, so when the subscription paper started around I gave half my week's wages. I am going without lunches to break even, but that won't hurt as I was getting too fat to be a good villain. What worries me is that the limited allowance may pinch you and the babies. Well, thank God, we've got them, anyhow. Poor Smith lost his.

With kisses all around,

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(When he was the matinee idol.)

DEAR MARY—I am sending you a lot of photographs foolish girls have sent me. Every girl thinks I have her picture, and hers alone—on my dresser. I thought perhaps you could paste them into a funny sort of scrap-book and give it to Alice on her birthday, as a souvenir of her father's amusing experiences. To think I have a daughter of seventeen! I can't believe it.

Yesterday the manager asked me to make a speech between acts. "Tell them," he said, "that you have never married because you love all of them too well to love one any better than the others. That sort of dope, you know." I did it,

and, by George, the box receipts to-day were doubled. And I'm the father of seven. I can just see you smiling as you read.

Devotedly,

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(When he was the dauntless hero, killing seven men single-handed in the second act.)

DEAR MARY—Just a note. Sorry the plumber is asking so much, but suggest that you pay him in full. It is robbery, but it costs too much to go to law, and I am too much afraid of his fists to try to settle when I get home.

Hurriedly,

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(When his love-making was causing all the women in the audience to rapturously sigh.)

DEAR MARY—I am too tired to-night to write. This love business on the stage sickens me. I said to her to-night, and by "her" I mean that bleached out nut they have made leading lady, "If you don't stop eating garlic I won't kiss you again, even if it spoils the act. You smell like Italy." She complained to the manager, but Hartly's a good old scout and he has ordered her to cut the garlic out. "It's John's love-making," he says he told her, "that makes the act, not yours. He can fold a dummy from a dry goods store to his breast in a way that fills the house with skirts. You just cut all smelly-

food, and put a little perfume on your lips occasionally. It's a tough part for John, and it is up to you to make it as easy as possible."

Dear, I wish I had you and the kids here with me.

Devotedly,

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(When he was the hard-hearted father who drove his daughter from home for marrying against his wishes. This is a night letter.)

MRS. JOHN MANNERS, Detroit, Mich.—Broken-hearted because Alice eloped, but don't let her know it. If she has made a mistake, we have to stand by her, for she is ours, isn't she? Take both of them home, and make them welcome.

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(At the end of a season of wrecking homes.)

DEAREST MARY—Season ends in Frisco next week, and I'll take the first train home after that. I have been so home-sick I just stand around on street corners and watch the kiddies with their mothers and fathers, and want to beller like a school boy because I am so far away from all who belong to me. Home! Why, I could just write tons of poetry about it. It's wonderful how love of home gets under a man's ribs.

Kisses for all,

JOHN.





Photos White

JULIA HAY AND ROBERT HUDSON  
IN "SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE"



EVA WILLIAMS, ARTHUR AYLESWORTH AND  
LEILA FROST IN "SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP"



Stanley Harrison

Mary Servoss

Leon Gordon

Betram Marburgh

Act III. Captain Bennett, V. C., turns the tables on the German spies  
SCENE IN "WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

COMEDY, FARCE AND SPIES HOLD THE BOARDS



## IN THE SPOTLIGHT



(Left)

CONRAD NAGEL

**W**HO plays Ted in "Forever After" is a native of Iowa, and got his experience in stock. When William Elliott gave up his rôle of Youth in "Experience," it was Mr. Nagel who succeeded him. Later, he went into pictures, from which he was rescued by W. A. Brady who engaged him to support his daughter



(Right)

EDGAR STEHLI

**W**HOSE work as Hank in "Jonathan Makes a Wish" attracted much attention, was born in France. Three years ago he joined the Stuart Walker organization. In one summer he ran the gamut that lies between the German inventor in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and the gentle old Sam Graham in "The Fortune Hunter." Before his association with Mr. Walker he was one of "Arsène Lupin" and "The Country Boy" companies

Matsens

Matsens



White

JANE OAKER

**W**HO plays the divorcée with such quaint humor in "Lightnin'," came from society to the stage. She was a St. Louis girl, granddaughter of the tobacco magnate, Christian Peper. Miss Oaker made her début with Louis James and Katherine Kidder in Shakesperian repertoire. She was seen in serious rôles in "The Pit," "Love Among the Lions," "The Silver Girl," and "Everywoman." It was in "The Dummy" that Miss Oaker's métier was revealed for in that play her first comedy rôle was granted her. She says she will cleave to comedy as the Bible advises women to cleave to their husbands and for the recommended term



Sarony

MARGARET LAWRENCE

**N**OT a new face on Broadway, but one that has been eclipsed for nearly seven years, by marriage. Not that it shone less exquisitely on the domestic stage, but its lustre was for an audience of one. Margaret Lawrence's dramatic star rose on Broadway as the childlike stage biide in Philip Bartholomae's farce "Over Night." It set when she became the real bride of Orson D. Munn, Lieutenant Commander in the United States Service. Miss Lawrence lends her youthful cleverness and loveliness to "Tea for Three" because hubby is of necessity away from home. Furthermore she is actuated by the general American spirit "Everyone do something"



# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



PLYMOUTH. "REDEMPTION."  
Drama in eleven scenes by Tolstoi.  
Produced on October 3 with this cast:

Anna Pavlovna	Beatrice Moreland
Elizaveta	Maude Hanaford
Sasha	Margaret Fareleigh
Fedor	John Barrymore
Sophia	Zeffie Tilbury
Victor	Manart Kippen
Prince Serghei	Russ Whytal
Afremov	John Reynolds
Ivan Makarovitch	Jacob Kingsberry
Nastasia Ivanovna	Helen Westley
Masha	Mona Hungerford
Ivan	Hubert Druce
Petushov	E. J. Ballantine
Artemyev	Thomas Mitchell
Voznesenski	Ernest Hopkinson
Magistrate	Charles Kennedy
Secretary to the Magistrate	Eugene Lincoln
Lawyer	William J. McClure
Petrushkin	Arthur Clare
A Maid	Ruza Wencław
A Nurse	Gladys Fairbanks
Misha (first act)	Helen Gaskill
Misha (second act)	Lois Bartlett

I ADMIT I like unusual plays, not for a steady diet, but the exotic and the bizarre appeal to me. I hope there are a lot of my way of thinking for Arthur Hopkins deserves well of the public for his temerity. The man who produces Tolstoi's "The Living Corpse," these days, certainly has his nerve with him. I wish success to the production, too, on John Barrymore's account, a young actor, who, vivid in his interest of big things, plays the protagonist of this particularly morbid play, now called "Redemption," in the manner of a true artist.

"Redemption" is the story of an artistic sensual weakling told in a series of episodes that show his gradual decline, ending in utter degradation and suicide. Its effect on his wife and friends is collaterally revealed. It is graphic, varied and hectic and psychologically introspective in its study of the lack of will. It contains at least two flashes of propaganda, the futility of the indissoluble tie of matrimony as imposed by the orthodox church and the oppression of stupidly constituted authority. It is impressive in its simplicity and exploited by suggestion rather than by detailed literary analysis.

As a production "Redemption" is quite remarkable in its atmospheric verity, attained too by the simplest means ingeniously devised by Robert Edmond Jones. Throughout, is the absolute suggestion of Russia, heightened by the continuous accompani-

ment of Slavic music. The company, too, is a large one and of unusual excellence.

Fedor is an acting part of the first magnitude. Some of its phases escape Barrymore, but in three scenes he reveals a histrionic grasp that shows the wonderful and impressive strides that he has made in his profession. His drunken scene with the gypsies, his recital in the underground slums of his mordant philosophy of love, hate, life and death, and his outburst of latent decency prior to the suicide he shied at earlier, betokened evidences of the big dramatic manner. Mr. Barrymore is distinctly arriving.

Russ Whytal, as the elderly friend, and Zeffie Tilbury, as mother of the young man who marries Fedor's wife, when he is believed to be dead, were admirable in their natural sweetness and dignity. Hubert Druce, as a drunken egoist, who styled himself a genius, brought a refreshing breath of comic variety to the scene, while the Tzigane parents of Fedor's enslaving influence, were characteristically presented by Jacob Kingsberry and Helen Westley. There was real charm and nobleness in Manart Kippen's rendering of the devoted lover, while two bits of realistic Russian character were contributed by E. J. Ballantine and Thomas Mitchell. As the distracted wife Maude Hanaford was engagingly pathetic. Mona Hungerford was the Tzigane syren.

EMPIRE. "THE SAVING GRACE."  
Comedy in three acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced on September 30, with this cast:

Blinn Corbett	Cyril Maude
William Hogg	William Devereux
Ripley Guildford	Edward Douglas
Mrs. Corbett	Laura Hope Crews
Susan Blaine	Cathleen Nesbitt
Mrs. Guildford	Charlotte Granville
Ada Parsons	Annie Hughes

BY all means the most captivating light comedy that New York has witnessed in several seasons is "The Saving Grace," which Haddon Chambers wrote for Cyril Maude. It is furnished with a set of characters who are both credible and interesting and whose conversation is constantly amusing.

Blinn Corbett, known in South Africa by civilians as "Fighting" Blinn, by soldiers as "Bloody" Blinn, has been cashiered for eloping with

the colonel's lady and thus rescuing her from a brutal husband. And so the great war finds Corbett without a command and penniless because his business ventures are a trifle too imaginative.

When the purposed marriage of the wife's niece to a wealthy neighbor's son seems impossible, and when Corbett's request for reinstatement in the army has been turned down, he goes off to London with his butler to enlist. Meanwhile, the wife and the niece practice a little diplomacy which restores the rejected old warrior to his former rank. And the saving grace of humor in him wins over the wealthy neighbor so that the young folks may wed.

This simple tale is told with no extraordinary brilliancy of dialogue, but with that good breeding that is so rare on our stage and with unfailing spirit and good humor. The central figure is deftly characterized, a full-length portrait of a decidedly human person whose weaknesses merely serve to make him the more lovable. The rôle affords Mr. Maude a perfect opportunity to display his gifts for subtle and polished character acting.

He is closely seconded by Laura Hope Crews as the amiable Barriresque wife, overflowing with maternal tenderness and delightful feminine unlogic. As the niece, Cathleen Nesbitt shows unguessed talent as a *comédienne*, and Edward Douglas is a delight in his characterization of the cheerful young idiot who falls in love with Susan Blaine.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "TEA FOR THREE." Play in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced on September 19, with this cast:

The Friend	Arthur Byron
The Wife	Margaret Lawrence
The Husband	Frederick Perry
The Maid	Kathryn Keyes
The Valet	William Postance

IN the world of pure comedy one must go back a long way to find an equal for "Tea for Three," which is a big hit at Maxine Elliott's Theatre.

Roi Cooper Megrue, the author, acknowledges that a play by Charles Slaboda gave him inspiration for certain episodes. Be that as it may, the result is one of cheerful delight. The play is a mental oasis in a desert of mediocrity.



As the title suggests, it is simply a variation of the well-worked triangle, but the treatment is so fresh, the handling so expert, the interest so sustained, the dialogue so bright and witty, that it all takes on the spirit of true novelty. There is only one flaw. It's conclusion is obvious ten minutes before the final curtain. What happens in that interim is only anticlimax, and mars an almost perfect piece of its kind.

The acting is of a high order of excellence. As the platonic friend, cold and contained, yet warm and pulsating, the master of himself, of the situation, and of the overlooked and bored wife's admiration—*The Friend*—suggests a modified Anatole. Arthur Byron acts with a sure and firm touch, a fine sense of comedy, and an authority that carries conviction.

The husband, not bad at heart, but narrow in his view of life, is well sustained by Frederick Perry. In this almost tragic episode between the two men, and in his subsequent scene of mental anguish, he plays with undeniable conviction.

The wife is a perfectly charming creation at the hands of Margaret Lawrence. It is so absolutely true and natural, so spontaneous and genuine, that it gives no impression of acting. She is the real thing.

**COMEDY. "AN IDEAL HUSBAND,"**  
Comedy in four acts, by Oscar Wilde.  
Produced on September 16, with this cast:

Lady Chiltern	Beatrice Beckley
Mrs. Marchmont	Elizabeth Deimel
Lady Basilton	Merle Maddern
Viscomte de Nanjac	George Hayes
The Earl of Caversham	Cyril Harcourt
Mabel Chiltern	Gretchen Yates
Lady Markbey	Alice Gordon
Mrs. Cheveley	Constance Collier
Mr. Montford	S. V. Phillips
Count Strelie	Vincent Sartori
Sir Robert Chiltern	Norman Trevor
Lord Goring	Julian L'Estrange
Phipps	Henry Crocker
Mason	Alfred Helton

**I**N the makeup of a play I confess that form and dignity of expression appeal to me. That is why I put myself on record as highly recommending the revival of "An Ideal Husband."

Although revised since its original composition, some twenty-five years ago, it proves that dramatic craftsmanship has improved since then. But it is an excellent play, according to the lights of its time, and still is, for it tells a good, human story of man's weakness, detailed by dialogue of a literary quality and punctuated with that scintillant wit of which its author was a past master.

The story concerns a certain Lord Chiltern, rich and powerful. His initial start was due to the fact that he sold a state secret. How this secret rises up at the hands of a polished adventuress to threaten his political supremacy and his wife's love, is the basis of the plot, worked out with a full appreciation of dramatic effects.

The women, to my mind, bear off the honors. The adventuress, as acted by Constance Collier, is boldly conceived, and carried out with dashing execution, while the trusting wife, albeit just a trifle priggish, is expressed with a refined feminine skill that denotes the high-bred woman and the idealistic wife. As Lord Goring, the worthy trifler and *raisonneur*, Julian L'Estrange gives an impersonation fraught with social elegance and a sense of imperturbable humor and common sense, quite irresistible.

I thought Norman Trevor's rendering of Lord Chiltern somewhat hard and monotonous. The gossip, anecdotal and detached Lady Markbey was capably presented by Alice Augarde Butler. My masculine mind grasped the fact that Miss Collier's last costume was something exquisitely beautiful, while I wish to pay a tribute to the man who redecorated the Comedy Theatre. The true artistic sense is his.

**LYRIC. "THE UNKNOWN PURPLE."**  
Play in a prologue and three acts by Roland West and Carlyle Moore.  
Produced on September 14, with this cast:

Jewel	Helen MacKellar
Bonnie	Marion Kerby
Peter Marchmont	Richard Bennett
James Dawson	Earl Brown
Phelan	E. L. Duane
Bobby Dawson	Arthur LeVien
Ruth Charleton	Lorraine Frost
Richard Bradbury	Edward Van Sloan
George Allison	Frank McCormick
Johnson	Herbert Ashton
The Stranger	V. Cromport
Burton	Curtis Benton

**I** TRY to be discreet in my use of adjectives, and employ only words which really convey the impression I want to express. Therefore, when I say "The Unknown Purple" is a thriller that thrills, I mean just that. It is a "corker" in its particular line, a gripping, moving melodrama, with a picturesque touch of the supernatural. Roland West wrote the original story, and Carlyle Moore helped him lick it into the acting version that will undoubtedly hold the stage at the Lyric for many a month to come.

An outline of the story is given elsewhere in this issue, and it would be manifestly unfair to tell anything more. Go to the Lyric and see for

yourself how ingenious the authors have been in the gripping, exciting exploitation they have made of their original premises. It is splendidly acted throughout, and the electrical effects are managed with a skill that convincingly enhances the illusion.

Richard Bennett is the sweet, amiable, gullible inventor of the prologue and the suave, polished, implacable nemesis of the later scenes. In either phase he is finely successful. An impressive bit of emotional work is contributed by Earle Brown, as the lover. The ex-convict butler is impressively personated by Herbert Ashton; Bradbury, an imposed on friend with nice feeling, by Edward Van Sloan, while the "society" detective becomes a real figure in the hands of Frank McCormick. Helen McKellar, as the selfish, faithless wife, and Lorraine Frost, as her antithetical sister, are eminently satisfying.

**SELWYN. "INFORMATION, PLEASE!"**  
Comedy in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Produced on October 2 with this cast:

Morrow	Helen Salinger
Sir John Desmond	Orme Caldara
Lady Betty Desmond	Jane Cowl
Ivy Druce	Viola Compton
Simpson	Hetty Graham
Edith Bacon	Blanche Yurka
Sir George	Henry Stephenson
Gerald Forrester	Robert Rendel
Smithers	Clifford Brook
Meggs	Harry Hanlon
Ralph Morse	Malcolm Duncan
Bell Boy	Jack McKee
Tom Morgan	Alan Brooks
Frederick Coningsby	Cecil Owen
Pierre	Jules Epailly

**L**ONG since assured of her ability to move audiences to tears, Jane Cowl, at the new Selwyn, is now out to prove that she is equally proficient in the art of comedy.

Her new medium, of which she herself and Jane Murfin are the authors, is frankly farcical and deals with "high society," for she of the lustrous orbs plays the petulant, whimsical but truly feminine wife of a titled Irish M. P., so engaged in his political duties that he neglects his better half.

To cure him, she engages in a desperate flirtation and after a quarrel with him, elopes. Compromising as it all is, she, nevertheless, after considerable farcical intrigue, clears her skirts and all ends happily.

Always suggesting "Divorçons," "Francillon," "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Benefit of the Doubt," it is of its kind alone in the very marked spirit of its American treatment. It is often amusing and has bright lines; its general rendering, however, hardly suggests the milieu intended.



Miss Cowl is American to the core, but she plays Lady Betty with sure and sound comedy effects. As a middle-aged polite rounder, Henry Stephenson acts with distinction and fine humor. The new theatre is one of unusual beauty and splendidly appointed as to physical comfort and convenience.

**CRITERION.** "THE AWAKENING." Drama in three acts and an epilogue by Ruth Sawyer. Produced on October 1 with this cast:

Prince Alexis	Wilton Lackaye
Mikail	Theodore Kosloff
Ivan	Henry B. Walthall
Rupert Leighton	Leonard Willie
Roger Penfield	Oscar G. Briggs
Lucien Thibault	Howard Boulden
Chas. Saurel	Edwin Beryl
Louis Le Cleve	Harry Sothern
Maurice De Brissac	Bennett Kilpack
Zametoff	Luray Butler
General Petain	G. R. Post
Pierre	Chas. Eaton
Sergei	Harry Sothern
Flora Tamar	Khyva St. Albans
Fitzgerald	Frederick Walter
Princess Maria	Gilda Varesi
Mrs. Lewiston	Laura Burt
Sybil Lewiston	Shirley Carter
Louise Saurel	Agnes Ruge
Vigee Delvair	Betty Prescott
Clarice	Mary L. Wilson

THE only way I can explain "The Awakening" is to assume that Khyva St. Albans and Theodore Kosloff wanted a play written around their well-known Russian dancing abilities, and they decided that Ruth Sawyer might as well do it. At all events, the net total of the transaction is the most lugubrious chapter in the history of metropolitan drama since "Mother's Liberty Bond."

It isn't necessary to relate the nebulous plot. Incidentally the piece seemed to possess all the elements of an up-to-date popular success, viz., kiddies, spies, and amnesia.

Wilton Lackaye made a forbidding Russian prince. H. B. Walthall did most of the real acting as a Siberian exile. Mr. Kosloff and Miss St. Albans are excellent dancers.

**HARRIS.** "SOME NIGHT." Musical comedy in three acts by Harry Delf. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

John Hardy	Forrest Winant
Robert	Charles Welsh-Homer
Mrs. Hardy	Camilla Crume
Marjorie	Gracc Edmond
Daisy	Anna Fredricks
Bobby	Harry Lambert
Joe	Louis Simon
Dorothy Wayne	Roma June
Madden	Thomas H. Walsh
Joe Scanlon	James C. Marlowe
Henry Spiffens	Charles W. Meyers

**SOME NIGHT** must be classed among the early season plays that missed fire. Described as a

comedy with music, it was a nondescript production of the usual hackneyed type. The plot was fairly interesting but there was much forced hilarity in the humorous situations. The only novelty was the chorus, the individual members of which did individual stunts on their own initiative. The music, while not original, contained some catchy numbers.

**KNICKERBOCKER.** "SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE." Melodramatic comedy in four acts, by Larry Evans, Walter Percival and George S. Kaufman. Produced on September 9, with this cast:

McVeigh	Joseph Woodburn
Snowie	Edwin Redding
The Deacon	Wm. B. Mack
English	Dudley Digges
Jimmy Burke	Robert Hudson
Halloran	Sidney Toler
Peter Spencer	Robert Barrat
Freddie Vanderpool	Rex McDougal
Tom Hargraves	John Blair
Gerald Fenshaw	James Dyrenforth
Molly Brant	Julia Hay
Mrs. Glendenning	Lynn Fontanne
J. Percyval Glendenning	Hassard Short
Higgins	Basil West
Roberta Rollings	Mona Kingsley
Malone	John Sparks
Anderson	James Henderson
Coffery	George Andrews
O'Brien	Henry Lawlor
Olson	Thomas Larsen

ONCE it was written, *Omnia gallia est divisa in tres partes*. Now it is the local drama that is divided into three different kinds—mystery comedies, spy plays, and pieces in which the protagonist is a boy.

Of the first *genre* an excellent example is on view at the Knickerbocker, "Someone in the House." Three authors were concerned in its composition. It is a crook play, and the element of suspense is so ingeniously contrived that the final curtain is needed to solve the real status of Jimmy Burke, a thief, whose social graces give him entrée to the best circles. The plot revolves about the theft of a fabulously valuable diamond necklace, brought to a head by an amateur theatrical production.

The satire of this feature is bright and amusing, something on the lines of "The Pantomime Rehearsal." The vacuous importance of the author and the complacent adulation of his adoring wife make for some excellent farcical scenes, acted with rare comicadroitness by Hassard Short and Lynn Fontanne.

The crook is played by Robert Hudson, a young actor, thrust into almost stellar importance by the exigencies of the dramatic profession. He plays it nicely. One with more presence could have made it more fascinating; convincing. His valet,

however, was acted with fine nervous intensity by Dudley Digges, and the Deacon, a pawnbroker fence, fell to the capable hands of W. B. Mack. Sidney Toler, as a Police Inspector, and his associate, McVeigh, by Joseph Woodburn, had quite the genuine flavor of Mulberry Street.

The cast throughout was entirely competent, and the settings elaborate.

**BELMONT.** "CROPS AND CROPPERS." Comedy in three acts by Theresa Helburn. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Annie	Irene Daly
Janie Wimpole	Eleanor Fox
Margot Marbrook	Louise Cook
Peter Weston	Ben Johnson
Allison Marbrook	Eileen Huban
Ray Parcher	Thomas Mitchell
Stetson	J. M. Troughton
Jean	Georges Flateau
Mrs. Bradley	Madeline Valentine
Dr. Truesdale	Vernon Kelso
Stephen Marbrook	Henry Stanford
Mrs. Spencer	Helen Westley
Mrs. Pray	Maud Sinclair
Pete Cobb	Charles Kennedy

THIS comedy, now off the boards, was a satire on the enthusiastic but impractical farmerette, the young woman who would help win the war—at least by her good intentions. Romance was supplied by the employment of a French soldier on leave, suffering from shock, who becomes the man of all work on the little farm.

Although the play failed to please Broadway, Mrs. Helburn shows herself a writer who is to be reckoned on. The story was told with genuine wit and with a very nice appreciation of what really goes to make up life. If this is her first attempt, to my mind it is an admirable one.

Miss Eileen Huban was not at her best as the venturesome farmerette. Comedy is not her forte. Louise Cook, as her sister, gave an admirable interpretation in both spirit and effect, while Georges Flateau brought a real Gallic charm to the part of the farmer poilu.

**39TH STREET.** "ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES." Comedy in three acts by Laura Hinkley and Mabel Ferris, based upon a story by Miss Hinkley. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Dick	Lionel Atwill
Miss Podmore	Ethel Wilson
Mrs. Wolfe	Lucia Moore
Anne	Carol Lloyd
Hughes	Paul Porter
Dora	Elsie Mackay
Dr. Worrall	George Backus
Slade	Richard Taber
Mr. Wolfe	Aubrey Beattie
Dawson	Ervile Alderson
Miles	Cyril Raymond
Mrs. Milson	Gilda Leary



**A**NOTHER MAN'S SHOES" is another play that had a brief and inglorious career on Broadway.

A crack on the head changed Richard Trent, a Nebraska newspaperman, to Richard Craven, who, though he had lost his memory, reared a fortune and a home in New York City. Then a railroad wreck gave Richard another crack on the head, and he reverted to Trent with no recollections of Craven. Convalescing in his Craven home, he insisted on his Trentian identity to no avail. The doctor merely looked solemn, and said the poor chap would be all right eventually.

Meanwhile, Trent, having Craven's beautiful young wife on his hands, fell desperately in love with her, but resolved with a breaking heart to do the right thing by Craven. It appeared to the self-denounced impostor that the rightful husband had fled with stolen money, perhaps to another woman; and so for the wife's sake the unwilling intruder had to stay on in the household for upwards of a year.

Finally an old sweetheart of Trent's turned up—herself married for these twelve long years—and helped to demonstrate that Trent and Craven were one and the same.

It was all fairly interesting, but it ran the gamut from farce to near-tragedy, and was further baffling because of the ineptitude of much of the dialogue.

**BIJOU.** "ONE OF US." Comedy in three acts by Jack Lait, in collaboration with Joseph Swerling. Produced on September 9 with this cast:

David Strong, Jr.	Arthur Ashley
Elsie Strong	Helene Montrose
Cyril Roswell	Murray Stevens
Tony Watson	Millard Vincent
Harry Miller	Frank Livingston
Marie Foley	Ruth Donnelly
"Frisco" Molly	Isabella Jason
"Jazz Joe" Falk	Harry Hart
Joan Grey	Bertha Mann
"Parson" Smith	Harry C. Bradley
"Coast-to-Coast" Taylor,	Charles Gotthold
Mullen	Wm. Balfour
Egan	Stanley Jessup
Barry	Frank Raymond
Mrs. David Strong,	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
A Butler	Williston Haggard

**T**HIS piece had an old idea with more of the new in it, in treatment, than of the old. Efficiency it had, but it lacked sufficiency. A young man of means and social position, announces his intention to marry a girl of a cabaret and to reform her. He has observed her and been attracted to her, without being acquainted with her. It was not wholly clear whether he wanted to reform her from actualities or rescue her from possibilities. The cabaret

scene in the opening gave the atmosphere with two specialties that were spiritedly unique. The types and characterizations were to the life as well as of the theatre. Arthur Ashley, the young marrying reformer, adopts Petruchio's methods with Katherine. It was good foolery. The girl is tamed, but does not know why and how until the end, when she discovers that her husband is altogether somebody else, in name as well. An odd character is "Parson" Smith, played by Henry C. Bradley, a waiter by profession, at the cabaret, and a preacher by vocation, with a bottle in one hand and the Bible in the other. The "reformed" wife was played by Bertha Mann, who made all the points.

**FULTON.** "OVER HERE." Play in four acts by Oliver D. Bailey. Produced on September 10 with this cast:

Keever	George Schaefer
Haines	Elmer Grandin
Daggart	Harry Sherwood
Kenneth Merrill, Jr.	Ralph Kellard
Adolph Von Hellar	William Ingersoll
Johann Berg	Fred W. Peters
Kenneth Merrill, Sr.	Harry Leighton
Beth Grayling	Lily Cahill
"Cupid" Little	Earle Mitchell
Mrs. Kenneth Merrill, Sr.,	Evelyn Carter Carrington
Karl Von Hellar	Leo Lindhard
An Officer of the U. S. Navy,	Frank E. McDermott

**I**N the long list of this season's many failures must also be included this piece seen for a short time at the Fulton. The idea of the play is a good one and tolerably new. It has become necessary to show certain young persons who have been inoculated with pacifism what the consequences of the triumph of German frightfulness would mean to themselves. There is a plot within a plot and we see how the lesson is brought home. During our short period of ignorance that it is all make believe for a good purpose those of us who like stirring melodrama and for whom the arm of coincidence never stretches too far, will enjoy the piece.

**LYCEUM.** "HUMPY - DUMPTY." Comedy in four acts by Horace Annesley Vachell. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

Albert Mott	Otis Skinner
John Delamothe	Fleming Ward
Hon. Henry Delamothe	Morton Selton
Viscount Loosechanger	Robert Harrison
Higginbotham	Ernest Elton
Jopling	Robert Entwistle
Puttick	William Eville
James Wallop	John Rogers
Sinkins	Walter Scott
Lady Delamothe	Maud Milton
Nancy Delamothe	Ruth Rose
Mrs. Mott	Beryl Mercer
Crissie Parkins	Elizabeth Risdon
Mrs. Rogers	Clara T. Bracy

**O**TIS SKINNER is the type par excellence of the romantic actor. In "Kismet," "The Honor of the Family" he was inimitable. I do not mean that he should not try other rôles, but from former successes to "Humpty-Dumpty" there is too wide a breach. The part demanded a young comedian with a very light touch. That is not his any more, or maybe never was. In the second act, for instance, when the hairdresser of Swashcombe is transplanted suddenly into the rôle of a Lord of the House, the situation is preposterous. Mr. Skinner is too fine an actor to lower himself to such buffoonery.

But what a delightful actress, how sympathetic and heartrending, was Beryl Mercer as the mother. Nothing finer has been seen in New York in many a day. The rest of the cast were very good indeed.

**CASINO.** "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Musical play in three acts. Book by Frederick Lonsdale, lyrics by Harry Graham, music by Harold Fraser-Simson, additional lyrics by Clifford Harris and Valentine, additional numbers by Jas. W. Tate and Lieut. Gitz Rice. Produced on September 11 with this cast:

Baldassarre	William Courtenay
Tonio	Bert Clark
Beppo	Carl Gantvoort
Carlo	Jackson Hines
Andrea	Victor Leroy
Pietro	M. La Prade
General Malona	William Danforth
Crumpet	Al Roberts
Lieutenant Rugini	John Steel
Mayor of Santo	William Reid
Zacchi	Louis Le Vie
Teresa	Sidonie Espero
Vittoria	Miriam Doyle
Angela	Evelyn Egerton
Gianetta	Gertrude Hamilton
Maria	Mina Davis
Marietta	Marguerite May
Beppiria	Eva Newton
Pepita	Patricia Frewen

**W**HAT London could see in "The Maid of the Mountains" that is now in its second year there, is only another example of what war can do.

New York, particularly, is ahead of time and the popular musical comedy has long since replaced the old time comic opera.

In "The Maid of the Mountains" we have the reincarnation of the band of brigands with its amorous, fearless, careless chief who is ready to risk imprisonment for the sake of his love. Notwithstanding the fact that the Maid of the Mountains does not hide her love, he falls to the charm and beauty of the governor's daughter. Of course, everybody knows that he will finally come to his senses and find out who is who and what is what.

(Concluded on page 312)



Mabel: "You silly Arthur! It's a public scandal the way I adore you."

Gretchen Yates Julian L'Estrange



Mrs. Chevely: "Even you are not rich enough to buy back your past. No man is."

Constance Collier Norman Trevor



*Photos White*

Beatrice Beckley Norman Trevor

Lady Chiltern: "Yes, write the word dishonest. She knows what that word means."



Julian L'Estrange

Norman Trevor

Cyril Harcourt

Lord Goring: "But it is after seven, and my doctor says I must not have any serious conversation after seven. It makes me talk in my sleep."

OSCAR WILDE'S "AN IDEAL HUSBAND" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE



# CLOTHES AND THE DRAMA

*Actresses who have sprung into fame  
because of individuality in dressing*

By MILDRED CRAM



IS an actress pretty? Is she young? Is she well-dressed? Ah, then her battle is half-won. Nowadays you may be *jolie laide*, you may have only an ounce of the pure essence of genius, but if you possess the secret of the *chic* you can go far, very far indeed. Ugliness in itself is not alluring, but witty ugliness, well-dressed ugliness, is irresistible.

Mistinguette will go down in our theatrical memories as a tiny monkey of a woman who made capital of her ugliness, as La Polaire and Ethel Levey do. Fritz Scheff understood the lure of her tip-tilted nose. And Yvette Guilbert—who will ever forget her gaunt plainness and the long black gloves and that inspired “*débutante slouch*”—curved back, swinging arms and sagging knees, the weary, tragic, vastly humorous insouciance of the Parisian *gamine*? If Yvette's modern red curls and cap are not so famous, it is the fault of a public too lazy or too hurried to cherish such divine foolishness.

Not a few actresses have sprung into fame because of their clothes or their lack of them. Some happy trick of originality or daring or beauty has elevated many an obscure player to stardom. Every one remembers Irene Castle's dizzy leap to the Parnassian pinnacle on the wings of docked hair, a Dutch cap and a pair of long satin slippers! Gaby's monstrous feathers, her exotic crowns of paradise and aigrette made her famous long before foolish young kings smiled into her eyes. A Salvation Army bonnet earned a fortune for Edna May. Mèrode was internationally conspicuous because she parted her hair in the middle and wore it over her ears. And Fannie Ward has stamped herself on the public retina by wearing strings of fabulous pearls, each one as big as a hen's egg.



CLOTHES can be witty and poetic, full of emotional meanings. They can reflect the spirit of the woman who wears them. They can be fiery, electric, as multifarious as a prism, as vital as one's own skin. Or they can be dull, dowdy, unpleasant, a false note in the symphony of light within the prosenium.

There have been unforgettable stage costumes. Jones' delicious dress made of yellow *suède*, which moved across the stage during the performance of “The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,” will live as long as our memory of the modern theatre. So will the “*Sheherezade*” of Bakst and the “*pale green nymphs*” in “*L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*” and the crinolines of Ethel Barrymore's “*Camille*.” Mary Garden's “*Salomé*” will outlive our memory of a dozen operatic daughters of Herodias who have not understood, as Garden does, the strange beauty of smooth, red hair, a pallid face and the Biblical shift sans spangles, sans girdle, sans Teutonic embellishment. In Paris, Ida Rubenstein has worn gowns as strange as Ravel's music, as haunting as the verses of Verlaine, as provoking as the cubistic vorticisms of the modern painters. Rubenstein's costumes are made from the fabric of dreams, outlandish, beautiful and mysterious.

Very few American actresses know how to dress for the stage with consistent art and individuality. Yet nearly all of our actresses are

well-dressed. An actress should have an innate sense of the spiritual quality of clothes. A fashionable gown destroys the spirit of tragedy, perhaps because fashion is nothing less than a witty commentary on the caprices of society. Farce, on the other hand, may be as *chic* as you like. But comedy, unless it be very sophisticated, should not be too fashionable. Whimsical comedy, subtle comedy, poetic comedy, must be gowned discreetly, with intelligence, simplicity and restraint.

Perhaps that is why Maude Adams has always preferred to be unfashionable. She is a disembodied spirit who has the fairy gift of invisibility. She would be quite at a loss in Mrs. Pat Campbell's chiffons, or wearing Grace George's very modern clothes. Maude Adams has never set the fashion as Lily Langtry did for so many years in England, as Monda Delza did in France before the war. Billie Burke and Irene Castle bear that burden here.



MRS. FISKE is another American actress who refuses to be smart. In “*Erstwhile Susan*” her coiffure was very droll and the cut of that first-act gown was deliciously funny. Yet Mrs. Fiske has never made the most of her hair and eyes, perhaps because she reasons that while many women have hair and eyes, personality is rare. One thinks of her in awful hats, in dowdy gowns, confused confections of lace and ribbon—and always the little flickering fan! If she should attempt to wear Emily Stevens' ultra satins, the Fiske charm, that perverse and bird-like intelligence, might lose its peculiar flavor.

Like Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske is a fashionable law unto herself. Bernhardt's clothes were as wilful as her temper. Her very hats were emotional. She wore enormous, boned collars, fantastic *ruches* so stiff and high that she could scarcely turn her head. From these skyscraper swathings her face rose like an exotic flower—an intentional effect, of course. She cared nothing for fashion, or else could not attain it. She exploited her pallor when rosy cheeks and quick blushes were made imperative by a sentimental Victorian court. Her clothes were morbid, eccentric, essentially Bernhardt...

No one has ever done it quite so well although Nazimova apes the divine Sarah's sinuosity whenever she can. In the prehistoric “*Comet*” and in “*Hedda Gabler*,” Nazimova poured her nervous self into snakelike sheathings which made her unpleasantly like a wet codfish. Now she has docked her hair. What next? Gestures! Gestures, all of them.



DUSE understood herself and her public. Her gowns were as sombre and austere as the legendary Duse temperament. She cared nothing for personal adornment. Her slovenly costumes were picturesque; they never interfered with Duse's harmonious, poetic and tragic self. She did not wear jewels; her hair was often untidy; she despised the *chic*, disdainful of anything which might detract from the lucid simplicity of her acting. In watching her one was conscious only of her face, her eyes, her expressive hands.

Duse in a smart hat and a French gown is unthinkable. One remembers her in the loose, straight robes and the full sleeves of “*La Gioconda*” and “*La Città Morta*.” As to style, color or fabric, one has forgotten. It did not matter what “*Francesca*” wore but rather what she said and how she moved. Duse was always *Duse delle belle mani*, she who could make d'Annunzio's very silences beautifully audible.

Lenore Ulric costumes her emotional young self daringly; she wears coral beads and puts a scarlet flower aslant in her hair. There was temper as well as temperament in her dress for “*Tiger Rose*.” She wore it as a primitive girl would have worn such a gown—carelessly, gracefully, with fine contempt.

Laurette Taylor has no remote flavor of the true *chic*, yet she was irresistible in ‘Aunted Annie's rags and tags. Frances Starr, Mary Nash, Miss Anglin and Miss Rambeau are always well dressed but they have no sense of the dramatic value of clothes. They are clothed, and that is all. Elsie Ferguson is lovely enough to make her poetic gowns superfluous. Strange to say, she has appalling taste in hats, wearing her headgear at the Scandinavian angle, floating atop her beautiful hair like ships at sea. A Parisienne would snatch Miss Ferguson's *chapeaux* and jam them down over her eyes with no mercy for the famous golden coif!

The screen has created a fashion in heroines—an Elizabethan composite of flapper and vampire. If Mary Pickford would sacrifice her curls she might gain the attention of critical posterity. As it is, a faint aura of socks and baby ribbon hangs about her and one suspects, perhaps unkindly, that Mary cannot see how funny socks and baby ribbons are. Lillian Gish has gone even further and has evolved a screen fashion of her own.



HER gowns are complex and bizarre; they belong to no period, no country, no style. Miss Gish's shoes are infantile, her skirts are crinoline, her sleeves are mediæval, her collars are Directoire, her hats are a nightmare. It is sad, for the screen has been known to set the fashion. Valeska Suratt induced a million women to uncover their ears in a reckless attempt to imitate the Suratt coiffure, and to look as nearly as possible as if they had just been immersed in a deep and very wet river...

What are we trying to prove? That beautiful clothes are essential to great acting? Apparently not. A great actress may be dowdy and inspired. Frances White knows more about the art of clothes than Ellen Terry knew. Terry's costumes were sumptuous and beautiful—like Henry Irving's stage-settings they are already forgotten. Ina Claire understands, as Julia Marlowe never understood, the witty way to wear a gown, the audacious angle of a hat, the humorous possibilities of a parasol.

An actress may have supreme imagination, delicate fancy, infinite charm. There may be poetry in her voice, grace and beauty in her walk. If she does not understand the art of dress she is never a harmonious part of the piece in which she happens to be playing.





*From a portrait by Abbe*

# M I T Z I

The diminutive star of "Head Over Heels" at the George M. Cohan Theatre is undoubtedly the joy of the piece, for she sings, dances, acts and performs acrobatic stunts—and does them all well, too



# SAY, LET'S HAVE A SHOW

*In spite of the Hun, the Doughboys manage to amuse themselves in the war zone*

By CHARLES M. STEELE

DIRECTOR OF ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE A. E. F., Y. M. C. A.

THOSE who have read "Over the Top" will remember how Empey and his mates "promoted" an amateur show and produced it for an audience of British Tommies in the face of many amusing difficulties. Among the American boys, however, "promoting" a show is unnecessary. "The desire for dramatic expression"—as the college professors would say—is very near the surface. When routine palls and billet life becomes dull, the lure of the footlights is the favorite antidote and "Let's have a show" is a spontaneous and frequently heard suggestion.

Once the desire has manifested itself it must be carried into effect quickly. The soldiers are impatient of rehearsals. A show suggested and decided upon to-night must be rehearsed to-morrow and next day and produced the day after—at least that is the way the boys generally feel about it. Difficulties in the way of lack of costumes and equipment are not really obstacles; they are just problems calling for the use of resourcefulness and ingenuity. Solving them is part of the fun of "getting up the show."

The first show produced by the "—th Infantry Dramatic Club" (the —th was the outfit to which I was attached for a time) was an amazing illustration of the above observations. I had been with the battalion about a day when the demands to "have a show" began.

"But we have no play books," I pointed out.

"Aw, let's write one," was the answer.

"All right," I replied, "I'll see what I can think of."

But that wouldn't do; what they wanted was immediate action.



I KNOW a show," declared one Mathews, a cook in one of the officers' messes; "I helped shift scenes for it in the opera house in my home town. I'll tell it to you—and you can write it down."

"Sure, let's do that," assented the others, and so the "libretto" was communicated—by oral tradition, as it were.

Mathews couldn't remember the real name of the piece, but suggested that it be called "Hotel Life in Arizona"—and so it was billed.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Proprietor	Cow-puncher
Negro porter	Cook
Bell hop (blackface)	Mine owner
A "bad nigger"	Mine foreman
Lady musician	Farmer
Drummer	Jew merchant
Elevator boy (blackface)	Ice man (German)

Waiter

From the Y. M. C. A. at the next village we borrowed some grease paint. A corporal appeared (the needed person always does) who was a good make-up artist. And the make-up of the characters, though a bit emphatic, was really excellent. From another battalion of the regiment, quartered in the next town, we also secured a fiddler and a guitar player—with instruments. How they had managed to carry

around personal musical instruments all the way to the war zone in France will always be a mystery. But there they were—a marvelous combination, man and instrument together. These two, aided by a soldier-pianist played the "overture" and entr'acte music and also the "accompaniment" for a clog dancer whom we introduced at the last minute.



THE "lady musician" was added to the cast of characters at the dress rehearsal, for a woman character (taken by a man) always makes a hit. Her costume was a marvel. The skirt we made out of a blanket—on which, at the suggestion of Private Lisk, the stage manager, our make-up man drew with chalk large buttons as trimming. My own near-Sam Browne belt held up the skirt. The waist was a lace curtain from the peasant's house where I lived. Its corners were fastened around the tattooed arms of the soldier-lady by what looked like pink ribbon, but was really some of the official red tape of the War Department obtained from one of the company headquarters. Around the neck of "Daisy"—that was her name—a strand of the red tape suspended a "dog tax," a soldier's name tag.

For a hat she wore a woolen winter cap,



The hut, crowded and full of tobacco smoke, is packed with soldiers eager to see the show

trimmed with a green bow made out of a piece of felt from an old billiard table. Daisy's hair was made of a frayed out rope, which we found on the floor of an *epicerie* at the next village and brought home for that express purpose. By the time she had been properly "rouged up" Daisy was just such a lady musician as might be frequenting an Arizona hotel.

Our stage was a dandy—quite deep and fitted up with three or four wings on either side, which our stage manager neatly constructed out of blankets suspended by the corners from the roof. The back drop was made in the same way of blankets, with a door in the center leading to the "kitchen." Through this the cook would stick his head from time to time and bawl out negroid humor. The hotel office desk was a table covered with a blanket and on it sat a box

covered with dark brown paper ("like bronze," one imaginative soul suggested) and labelled "Cash" to represent a register. Neat paper signs pinned on the wings informed the audience that this was the "Office" and that was the way to the "Elevator."

The show was announced for seven o'clock. Shortly after five the crowd began to assemble, having come direct from "chow" at 4:45. Most of the seats were filled by 5:30 and there they sat more or less patiently with only occasional clamors for the show to commence. The audience presented quite a picture. The place was jammed. Men sat on all the chairs and benches. They stood up in the back of the hut. They sat on the floor right up to the curtain; in fact, they had to be pushed back off the front of the stage, when the musicians went outside the curtain to play while the scenes were being shifted.

The play began with Peterson, the Proprietor, coming in and announcing that he had just opened the hotel. Soon Jerry, the Drummer, came in and registered and was shown to his room, with comedy by the negro porter. Then came Einstein, the Jew, who delighted the audience as soon as he hove in sight. Then the lady Musician, whose appearance called forth flattering remarks. When the miners came in carrying a bag of "gold" (consisting of stones), the porter

worked the old change-bags trick and stole the "dust." And at the end of the act the "bad nigger" came in and the scene broke up in a row between him and the porter.

At this point, because we found that the play was going too fast, we worked in an extra musical number and a blackface comedian between acts. I learned afterward that some of the audience liked the entr'actes best.



ACT II showed the dining room of the hotel. One by one the guests came in and took their places for breakfast. Einstein talked all the time and flirted with Daisy—to the great diversion of the crowd. There was general conversation at the table, working in various local jokes. Then the rube farmer came in and passed through to the kitchen.

The cowpuncher followed, looking for him with a rawhide whip and many threats. (It will be observed that these two characters have nothing to do with the action of the play—they just wanted to be in.) Einstein sang a song about the food of the Army—always a fruitful subject for conversation and jokes. Then the cowpuncher, who had threatened to "try his new spurs" on the farmer came actually riding him across the stage, followed wildly by the negro porter. Again the scene broke up in a row with all the hotel guests running madly for safety.

For the next entr'acte we put on a clog dancer with guitar and fiddle accompaniment. We were to have had a "buck and wing" dancer if the stage manager had not unfortunately told the performer that he was "punk," which so incensed him that he could not be induced to perform, though he confided to me that a buck and wing





Charlotte Fairchild

FANIA MARINOFF

Who played leads at the Greenwich Village Theatre last season, is the picturesque and sinuous Russian model in the new comedy by the Hattons entitled "The Walk-Offs"



Mary Dale Clarke



Maurice Goldberg

HELEN WESTLEY

In the recent production of "Crops and Croppers," Miss Westley, formerly a prominent Washington Square Player, contributed one of her neat thumb nail sketches of vigorous New England character

MARGARET MOWER

The temperamental Mlle. Perrault of "Jonathan Makes a Wish" attained her first success as a member of the Washington Square Players



dance was so far superior to "what dat guy done"—that there was no comparison. Following the clog-dance there was a clown act, put on by a really able comedian discovered at the last minute.

In the last act, after some blackface comedy between the negro servitors, the proprietor comes on and, in the course of conversation with the porter reveals—what the audience had not yet guessed—that he and his whole outfit are a bunch of crooks. They are all diligently engaged in an effort to steal the guests' money and particularly the miner's gold dust. One of the guests overhears them, denounces them and goes off making dire threats. Einstein, who has paid in advance, tries vainly to get his money back but finally leaves without it. The miner, at the point of a revolver, seeks to make the proprietor disgorge, but during the argument the negro attendants steal across the front of the stage with the bags of gold and other loot. They are detected by the mine foreman just as

they reach the wings. The miners give chase and the play ends with shooting off stage.

It was suggested at rehearsal that in the interests of justice the crooks should be captured, brought back on the stage and shot. But the more influential—or at least the more vocal—members of the company insisted that it would be better to leave the ending indefinite, permitting each one in the audience to draw his own conclusions as to whether the crooks escaped or were winged by the pursuing posse—a modern adaptation of "The Lady and the Tiger."

So the curtain fell, the audience dispersed and we immediately called a conference of the better actors—eliminating the others with difficulty—to plan for another show next week.

"Were you satisfied with the performance?" I asked Private Lisk, the stage manager, as we walked home to our billets through the darkened village streets.

"Well," he replied, "we could 'a done better—you know it and I know it. But I'll bet when we

announce our next show you won't be able to get into the hut for the crowd."

"Yes," I agreed, "the public likes it"—and I smiled at the time worn excuse.

The amateur play—burlesque or minstrel show or vaudeville, or "a play out of a book," as the boys say—is one of the important factors in the entertainment of the A. E. F. Of course the work of the professionals is the big thing. The boys hunger for them, go wild over their appearance and give them a reception they will never forget. But the professionals can't always be with the regiment. The amateur actors are always on hand, and as Major R— put it, "what the boys do for themselves they enjoy twice—once for the show itself and once for the amusing efforts of their comrades." The show above described was given by a battalion of old-line regulars diluted with rather recently enlisted men. With the coming of the men of the draft army the standard of amateur dramatic effort is improving constantly.

## AFTER THE PLAY IS OVER

*Characteristic comments from the boxes, the gallery, and behind the curtain*

By HARRIET KENT



**MISS GET-RICH-QUICK:** Mamma, I must have a dress like the ingénue wore in the first act, a hat like the star wore in the second, and a fur stole like the vampire wore in the last scene. Mamma, I must! This is an awful show, but I don't care. I've selected one of my new Fall costumes out of it. What was it all about anyway? I was so busy making sketches and noting colors that I only heard about three lines in each act. I tell you the theatre's the place for discovering the latest styles all right.

**THE SHOP GIRL:** Did you see him kiss her, Mary? Beats any love making I ever seen in the movies. You bet it does. And what d'ye think of her curls? Why, that girl could put Mary Pickford out of business in a week. And she cried real tears when she thought he'd desert her. Say, I could too if a handsome gink like that was going to leave me flat. No wonder all the girls are stage struck. You never get that kind of love making in real life, do you? Gee, ain't I the romantic kid, though? But what's the use. Come on and let's have an ice cream soda.

**THE ACTOR** (out of a job): No wonder he's made a reputation and gets \$200 a week. Just look at the parts the managers hand out to him. They're as fat as the lady in the circus. Who wouldn't make a hit in such a rôle? Surely there's nothing wonderful about his looks, either. And here I am—experienced and handsome—no, I'm not giving myself bouquets, but that's what everyone tells me—and been at liberty for a season. Did you hear that simp of a girl alongside of us praise his love making? The fool—everybody knows that he hates the leading lady, because she gets \$250 in her envelope—\$50 more than he. I wish that girl could see me act. Not that I'm conceited, but at love making on the stage, I bet I outshine Lou Tellegen himself.

**THE CRITIC:** Just another instance to prove

my contention that the drama is going to the dogs. The leading lady's greatest asset is her wig, the leading man should have been a tailor's model, and the piece has not a thrill, a laugh, or a witticism. This is the tenth opening I've attended this week. For mediocrity it certainly leads all the rest.

**THE FLAPPER:** What a perfectly darling show! I simply idolize the leading man, and the star is a dear! We must have a theatre party from our club and come to see it again. And the little dog that comes on in the first act. Isn't he the cutie? You know how wild I am about dogs and they always have the dearest darlings on the stage. I must come again if only to see the little pet—and bring Gwen with me. You know how perfectly crazy she is for Pekingese.

**THE HOUSEWIFE:** I'm so tired of this never ending grind—washing dishes and clothes. I wish I could go on the stage. Fine gowns, travel, position—what an enviable life the actress leads. If only I could have a tiny bit of fame—to live in a world of make-believe, of romance and fiction. Well, I better rush home to cook the dinner. There'll be no dessert to-night, because I've spent the money on the show.

**THE STAR:** Another performance over. Oh, how sick I am of that fool's love making. What a silly, empty part. Nothing to do but change one's clothes. I may as well be a fashion model. Not an emotional scene, nor a chance to show my ability. I'm tired too, of traveling about. No home—no comforts—none of the real joys of life. I wish I had married and settled down. Now, no one will have me. I'm such a fright without my make-up. But I suppose I'll have to make the best of it. I must go now and see that my name is given more prominence in the advertisements. You have to stand up for your rights, you know.

**THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN:** Come on, let's have a high ball after that. It certainly was a

lemon we picked all right. Not a girl, a song or a dance. And they call it a comedy, too. I'd call it a tragedy for the man who deposits his \$2 at the box-office. Three acts devoted to the love making of a silly young ass and a dressed-up girl. Why, I can watch my daughter go through that same nonsense any evening, and it doesn't cost me a cent. There may be nothing elevating in racuous farce or musical comedy, but give it to me every time. Hurry up, Bill, we may still have time to get into one of those midnight shows. I'll not do a cent's worth of business to-morrow if I don't get over the effects of that sentimental slush just inflicted on us.

**THE HIGH BROW:** I reiterate what I have often said—when Ibsen died the drama went with him. This gooey, sentimental drivel we have just witnessed, so sugar-coated that the theatregoers can't detect how tasteless it really is, goes hand in hand with our asinine short-story and our senseless motion pictures. Where is the message it carries to the masses? Nowadays the climax of all plays is the final clutch, center stage, between hero and heroine. What has become of American art? Has it gone to the trenches? Hereafter I shall attend none but the Little Theatres. They may be small in size, but they are large in artistry.

**THE USHER:** Gee, I'm glad this show is over! Every gosh darn person forgot his program and handed me this: "Usher, may I trouble you for a program?" Trouble! Well, I should say you would! After running up and down the aisle 500 times, do they think it's a joy to run up 500 times more for programs? Well take it from me, it ain't. And drink, did you say? Not a guy refused water during intermission. Take it from me, boy, this audience must have landed straight from the Sahary Desert. If there's many more crowds like this, I'm goin' to make the boss pay for my shoes.





White John Cope, Jeanne Eagels and Bruce McRae

"Daddies" tells the story of four confirmed bachelors who are persuaded to adopt war orphans. In the end Robert Audrey (Mr. McRae) falls in love with his ward (Miss Eagels) and an adorable kiddie softens the heart of the hardened woman-hater James Crocket (Mr. Cope)

SCENE IN "DADDIES"  
AT THE BELASCO



Tom Wise

Queenie Mab

(Below)

"Mr. Barnum" is a quaint character comedy sketching the life of the world's greatest showman, P. T. Barnum. All our friends of the circus are there—clowns, acrobats, freaks, the snake charmer and the lady bare-back rider. The picture shows Mr. Barnum and Lavinia Warren, the diminutive coquette who later marries General Tom Thumb

THOMAS A. WISE  
IN "MR. BARNUM"



Clara T. Bracy, Otis Skinner and Beryl Mercer

(Left)

"Humpty - Dumpty" introduces Otis Skinner in a new rôle—that of an English hairdresser. Fate takes him out of his shop, however, and he becomes the Lord of Delamothe. With him to his great estate goes his simple mother (Miss Mercer), who is eager for her old life. In the end he tires of his splendor and longs for his wigs and shop, where in the final act we find him with the girl he loves

OTIS SKINNER STARS  
IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY"

D R A M A T I C F A R E F O R T H E P L A Y G O E R



# A THEATREGOER'S TABLE TALK

*Murdering the King's English and other  
freakisms of the contemporary stage*

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



**S**PEAKING of the war tax and the theatres, it seems to me that our legislators have overlooked an opportunity in not levying severely upon the producers of bad plays. If managers had to pay Uncle Sam, say, \$30,000 every time haste or poor judgment caused them to insult the general intelligence with stupid or dull plays, surely both the war chest and a long-suffering public would benefit exceedingly.

For, of course, such a penalty would not deter a large number of the more hopeless producers—not, at least, until their bank balance was exhausted. It is obvious enough to any playgoer that there are plenty of people who will put on the stage almost any kind of concoction in which actors may mouth lines.

And on the other hand ultimately the public would be spared much needless misery, since our butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers would hesitate before investing their savings in Cousin Charlie's farcical knock-out, or Aunt Maria's soul-stirrer that she learned to write at Yavvard. And particularly we should be spared that pest of pests, the first play which the author produces himself.

If such a law had been in effect since the first of last August only, we might not have been afflicted with some of such woes as "Allegiance," "Double Exposure," "Why Worry?" "He Didn't Want to Do It," "Crops and Croppers," and more particularly, "The Woman on the Index," "Over Here," and "Mother's Liberty Bond."



**O**NE of those painful quarter-hours that occasionally crop up in the theatre I experienced during the first performance of "Daddies." Bruce McRae, of the play's bachelor club, had adopted a war orphan by cable. He expected a child, but instead there turned up a girl of seventeen. She was frail, pallid, stoop-shouldered, and pathetic, instantly suggesting—thanks to the art of Jeanne Eagels—an abused and starved victim of the cultured Hun.

To intensify the painfulness of her plight she was suffering with an attack of *mal de terre* such as occasionally afflicts sea-voyagers newly landed. Weak and staggering, she appeared before her guardian, a picture of helpless feminine misery. How any human being could have laughed at this wretched study in pathology is more than I can ever fathom.

And yet for the purposes of the play she was there to be laughed at. Instead of being moved by pity and chivalry to come to her rescue, her surprised guardian for comic purposes merely registered disappointment and avoided her. She might have fainted and fractured her skull a dozen times for all the aid he seemed willing to render her.

But the saddest part of it all was that a considerable portion of the audience—the guffoons who are usually in the majority—did laugh throughout the whole painful scene. You would think nothing could be funnier to them than the sufferings of a French refugee war orphan! Across the aisle from me the critic of an evening newspaper fairly haw-hawed with glee, and another reviewer described the scene as one of the most delicious bits of comedy imaginable.

One of the curiosities of newspaper English as *She is Wrote* concerns the word "aphasia." As anybody who uses a dictionary or kens a little Greek must know, this word names a brain affection in which the power of expression in words is impaired. It has nothing whatever to do with "amnesia," which means loss of memory.

And yet until the last year or so nearly all the New York City newspapers have spoken of persons who could not recall their own identities as 'victims of aphasia.' In this misuse the word has been taken over by the theatre. I recall a one-act play by Edgar Allan Woolf in which "aphasia" is lovingly dwelt upon as meaning a mental affliction involving total forgetfulness.



**R**ECENTLY in "Another Man's Shoes" some effort was made to straighten out the tangle. In the first act the doctor attending the amnesic hero muttered something about 'aphasia,' and later he spoke of "alternating amnesia, sometimes inaccurately called 'double aphasia.'" Inaccurately, indeed!

Yet even this explanation seems to have been insufficient for one of the reviewers of the *New York Times*. For after quoting these clarifying words of the doctor's this critic goes on to expound: "The scientific accuracy of the author's premise has long made aphasia and amnesia popular subjects for both drama and fiction." Evidently this gentleman has progressed no farther than to the belief that "amnesia" and "aphasia" are synonyms.

The latter disease, says the lexicographer, "is the impairment or abolition of the faculty of using and understanding written and spoken language." According to which it is the "unlettered Caribbees" of the press and the stage who are actually—if unconsciously—suffering with aphasia.

And speaking of the unlettered, what is to become of English pronunciation in our theatre at the present rate of decline?

I don't refer to the matter of accent or presume to decide whether there is any real American standard. Perhaps, after all, we of the United States speak only a collection of dialects. But at least there are reasonably definite standards of diction, quite sufficient to make inexcusable the atrocities with which our ears are repeatedly assailed in the playhouse.



**C**HANNING POLLOCK in one of his recent *feuilletons* observed that in the same sentence in "The Man Who Stayed at Home," Katherine Kaelred said "yeahs" and "goverment," while Amelia Bingham was contributing "potentialities" and "*Deutschland oober alles*."

It would require more print paper than war conditions allow to record the similar instances most of us have met. Charles Hopkins, for example, in "April" is to be credited with "wahstrel" and "flahrist." Shelley Hull in "Under Orders" lays much stress on what he calls his "dooty." Laurette Taylor reads into her Shakespeare such variations as "perverse" and "w'en." Henry Miller is faithful to his "ideel."

Hilda Spong thinks there is a "d" sound in "Wednesday." And even Olive Tell is fond of her little "jew *d'esprit*."

I felt much indebted last season to Walter Hampden for his most laudable Shakesperian interpretations, but I could not see just how he glorified the Bard by such pronunciations as "unleeneal," "su'gestion," and "eye" in "stand aye accursed." (At all events I sympathized with the actor, when playing Macbeth in a pair of squeaky shoes, he exclaimed, "Hear not my steps!")

These are but a few instances culled from many. From less official theatrical sources I have had "avviator," "raddiator," "burgular," "tremenduous," "perculator," and scores of similar gems. And one of our three or four most noted managers recently conferred with me as to how to make the villain in one of his new plays do something "despickable."

As for words and phrases and reviewers, I am reminded that it seems a comparatively simple thing to be a dramatic critic. Judging by what I have lately read, all you have to do is make judicious combinations of the following locutions and then slap your stuff into print:—

Delightful portrayal	hackneyed and trite
stilted lines	heightened the effect
crude characterization	time-worn expedients
genuine note	not convincing
adds distinction	subtlety of method
pivotal rôle	sketchy in outline
spirit of romance	palpably theatric
facial play	professors of the drama
voice her feelings	skating on thin ice
grasp the situation	tasteful production
metropolitan standard	attractive setting
semblance of reality	stage puppet
reeks of the theatre	a finished actor
her big moments	extracting the comedy
rings all the changes	vaguely reminiscent
strains of credulity	mediocre production
well-approved ingredients	wallowing in sentimentality



**O**F course, there are a lot more, but these will at least suffice for a beginning, and a little study of the amusement columns of daily newspapers will supply whatever else you need when you begin to branch out. And whatever you do, don't forget to put in about the star comedian:—

"His work is particularly notable for its restraint in the comedy moments, for much of the piece could have become farce in the hands of a less finished player."

And speaking of restraint in comedy moments reminds me of an incident I witnessed lately at the filming of Leonce Perret's patriotic movie, "Stars of Glory." Assisting at the performance were the Carusos. There came a thrilling moment when a regiment of Yanks went over the top, charged through a hail of shrapnel across No Man's Land, and routed the super boches (or boche supers) from their trenches. When an unexpected bomb exploded within two yards of him, and a half-dozen battle planes swooped down within fifteen feet of the ground, the movie-actor-tenor seized his bride and fled to shelter along with E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli, the co-stars of the piece.



Photos Juley

KATHLEEN  
CLIFFORD

This portrait in differentiated blacks, was placed low on the canvas to emphasize the slowness and youth of the subject



BEN ALI HAGGIN, the well-known artist, who has been conspicuously before the theatregoing public of late as the arranger of the patriotic Tableaux in the Ziegfeld "Follies" and "Midnight Frolic," recently gave an exhibition at the Seligmann Galleries, Fifth Avenue, of his portraits of stage people for the benefit of the Fraternité des Artistes. The pictures shown included portraits of Marie Doro, Laurette Taylor, J. Hartley Manners, Kathleen Clifford, Mary Garden, Maxine Elliott and others



Lovers of Peg will like this unusual portrait of Laurette Taylor



A strong, impressionistic portrait of J. Hartley Manners, the dramatist



Marie Doro's spiritual and fragile beauty is well caught by Mr. Haggin's brush

PROMINENT STAGE FOLK AS SEEN BY A WELL KNOWN ARTIST



# A NEW RIP FOR THE OLD

*Frank Bacon, who recently captured Broadway, tells how he came to play Lightnin'*

By ADA PATTERSON



A metropolitan critic, commenting on the success of Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'" said that no one had heard much about him before. The critic was mistaken. The THEATRE MAGAZINE had heard of him. Several years ago we predicted his success. In our department "In the Spotlight," a valuable indicator of the players who are likely to capture Broadway—was a sketch of Frank Bacon. At that time we said: "His performance has the touch sure and firm of authority, yet the delicacy of perception of the artist. Frank Bacon seemed not to act, but to be." We consider Mr. Bacon an alumnus of our Spotlight Academy, and present herewith this interesting interview in which Mr. Bacon gives some account of his career:

I DIDN'T care about coming to New York," the Lightnin' of "Lightnin'," says in his endearing drawl. "California's all right. I had a prune farm on a hill overlooking Santa Clara Valley. I liked the folks of the Golden State and they were patient with me. I didn't want to go further. But the earthquake shook me out of it."

The man who with Winchell Smith, wrote "Lightnin'" and has been raised to the theatrical heavens as a star, in the play which is establishing one of the leading records of the season, was a barnstormer in California.



THE wisest knoweth not what direction feline Broadway will spring. The preponderance of experience hath it that she prefers the exotic, the never-before-heard-of, the stimulatingly spiced. Yet now and then she purrs long and loudly at some treasure that those wisest would have catalogued for stock companies in communities. She achieves ecstasy of approval of the sweetly simple.

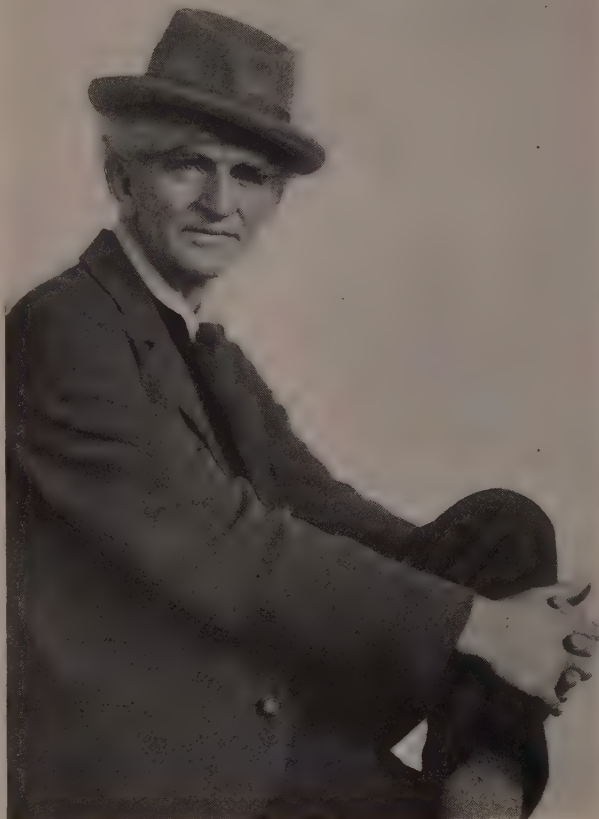
"Lightnin'" is a simple play about, for the most part, simple folk. It is a pearl of pathos in the beginning stage of solution in the vinegar of wit. Its star and co-author is a small town man from California. He has been a photographer, a newspaper publisher and a prune grower. But his performances have the tang and richness of rare old wine.

The new generation of playgoers that pour into the Gaiety Theatre, disdaining analysis, says: "Mr. Bacon is delightful. You must see him." The old generation say that no other man was ever so like Joseph Jefferson, the incomparable Rip Van Winkle. "See Frank Bacon and you will see dear old Joe Jefferson again. He is as like him as a reincarnation."

Yet the new favorite, blinking in the near-sighted, owlish way of a Belasco, says: "I never saw Mr. Jefferson." It is quite true. To his backwoods of California came once Edwin Booth, playing Hamlet. Clearly he remembers and fervently admires W. E. Sheridan. But Sheridan was a tragedian. He has had no models of acting. He became an actor as surely

as metal turns to the lodestone. He doesn't know how nor why he is an actor. He tries no more than did Maude Adams in her first year nor her successive years as a star, to reduce the art to a formula.

"One cannot tell how to register an impression upon an audience. Acting defies rules,"



Sarony

## FRANK BACON

as the quaintly humorous and lovable Lightnin' Bill Jones in "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety Theatre

she said. David Warfield, too, flouts them.

"Either you can or you can't," he says.

They who recognize in Frank Bacon the quality of Joseph Jefferson detect in him a Warfieldian flavor. When "Lightnin'" crept timidly into the national capital on a preliminary test of its strength, a critic welcomed Mr. Bacon, "because he restores the standard of acting that we feared was lost." The Californian blinks more rapidly at recollection of this critique. There have been many eulogies since but that was as a draught to a desert-weary traveler. "For it came when we needed it," he says, and repeats, "It came when we needed it."



MAYBE," he begins in his deliberate fashion, "people like 'Lightnin'" because it is true. There's nothing in it that isn't true."

Of his own phenomenal leap into metropolitan popularity he ventures: "While I'm on the stage I believe everything I say and do. If I

didn't I couldn't make others believe it, I suppose."

Yet Frank Bacon discusses no subtleties of theatrical art. He talks not of insight that is a true guide nor of every man enveloping in the potentialities of all men.

"I knew Lightnin' long ago," he says. "It was in Vallejo, a California port. Mother and I had just been married. We had a room at his house. He wouldn't work. He was always under the influence. Generally he was quietly amiable although once or twice we heard him assert himself. He was a liar and a braggart too."

When the young man of California had lived through his successive phases of photographer and country newspaper proprietor emerging empty-handed, save for the rich sediment of knowledge of human nature, and adopted the life of the theatre, he remembered Bill Jones. He built three sketches about the mild inebriate. All were successful. But that which was surest of the response of smiles and tears that form the rainbow of success was "Coming Home." Bill Jones evolved through fifteen years until he reached the stage of the Gaiety Theatre and was pronounced perfect. For fifteen years he was written around by Mr. Bacon. For three years and three months he was Winchell Smith's alter ego. In his present form the prophets predict for him a life of at least six years.



THE man who may be remembered for his Lightnin' as James O'Neill will be for his Monte Cristo and as Joseph Jefferson for his Rip and as David Warfield for his Music Master, is a silver-haired son of the Golden West. The silver hair and the drawing speech and the extreme deliberation of manner of the new risen star, mislead hasty observers.

"What a pity that his success has come so late," they say, folding their programmes in their muffs as they wend their crowded way from the Gaiety. Overhearing which the subject of their observation slowly smiles.

"Father seemed as old when I married him as he does to-day," says vivacious Jennie Jeffreys, the wife of his youth and of his maturity. "Except that his hair was a little darker. It has always been somewhat gray." In truth Mr. Bacon is of nearly the age at which Grover Cleveland rose to national fame. There had been in both instances fifty years of preparation for the plaudits of the multitude.

He was born at Marysville. In his unripe years he worried French sheep herders by impromptu declamation on the hills of California. That the herders slept and the sheep wandered away was disconcerting to the tow-headed, barefooted disciple of Thespis. The unresponsiveness of the audience may have caused him to enter the nearest path to the goal of livelihood earning. His brother was a photographer. Frank followed





Campbell

**BEATRICE NICHOLS**

Who plays the pretty heroine in "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety



© Hixon-Connelly

**ELISE BARTLETT**

Lou Tellegen's new leading woman who will be one of Broadway's youngest leads this season



Moffett

**ELSIE MACKAY**

Who gave an appealing characterization of the wife in "Another Man's Shoes"



Campbell

**REGINA WALLACE**

As June Block in "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson, Miss Wallace has scored an individual hit in one of the most successful plays of the season

**YOUTH, BEAUTY AND ABILITY IN NEW DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS**



his brother's example and became his partner in the camera art.

Neither fame nor fortune beckoning him further down that path the Native Son applied himself to the service of a San Jose newspaper.

Perceiving the gratifying emoluments of the newspaper business he purchased a weekly newspaper at Mountain View.

Ambition led him to another hamlet. He purchased the *Mayfield*, now the *Palo Alto*, organ of community intelligence. Fate was peevish. The young proprietor caused it to become known that he was willing to sell his plant. A stranger called and asked the price.

"Five hundred," said Editor Bacon. Then began bargaining after the Turkish method. They reached and agreed upon twenty-five dollars. The bear upon newspaper stock confessed he hadn't that sum.

The publisher accepted his note, which was never paid.

During the dusk of stress that ensued flashed a hope. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bacon had pleased friendly audiences in amateur theatricals. Why not join one of the repertoire companies that followed the Californian highways? They did

and their first season netted them "cakes," (board) and "forty dollars sent home."

At this inauspicious time Mr. Bacon met a State Senator whom his newspaper had ardently supported.

"Where and what are you now?" asked the politician.

"I'm an actor."

Whereupon it was proven that gratitude may dwell in the heart of a politician.

"I own a theatre in Sacramento. Come over and play with the stock company."

With an alacrity he had never before nor has since displayed Frank Bacon accepted the offer. Soon he became the stage director of the theatre. Oliver Morosco saw him in that playhouse in a drama the Senator had written. He invited him to bring the play to the Morosco Grand Opera House in San Francisco. After that production he was an established favorite with the playgoers of the Pacific Coast metropolis. But sixty dollars a week was the apex of his salaries.

Came the earthquake, journeyings to and fro with vaudeville sketches of his own and his wife's writing, and played by the Bacons and their children Lloyd and Bessie. Throughout

the circuits "Bill Jones" made divers but frequent appearances. Playing in vaudeville in New York he met James Montgomery.

"Go over and get the old man part in 'Stop Thief,'" said the author of "Ready Money" and "Going Up."

"We are doing very well with vaudeville. I have a farm at Mountain View. I am a contented man."

"Go!" commanded James Montgomery.

"I'll go and find out what there is in it," drawled Mr. Bacon.

There was so much in it that, seeing him Winchell Smith engaged him for "The Fortune Hunter."

In the two years that followed they explored the maps of each others' mind. Frank told Winchell about the popularity of Bill Jones, amiable drunkard, plausible liar and beloved ego-tist. Followed collaboration, the while Mr. Bacon acquired a New York reputation as Primrose, the servant in "The Cinderella Man."

Then and now Lightning'.

To avoid idleness the incorrigible stage idler is writing with Freeman Tilden another play called "Five o'Clock."

## MODERN COMEDIES AT THE FRENCH THEATRE

*Jacques Copeau opens his second season at the Vieux Colombier*



THE French Théâtre du Vieux Colombier recently inaugurated its second New York season, under the direction of Jacques Copeau, with Henri Bernstein's piece "Le Secret," played here in English a few years ago by Frances Starr.

The note of modernity struck in the closing days of the Vieux Colombier's first endeavor to create a paying clientèle is evidently being repeated this year. Plays of to-day or no older than the nineteenth century drew better, it was then discovered, and nobody can have it in his heart to blame the most idealistic director for turning half an ear, at least, to the voice of the box-office.

The classic French theatre will be, in fact, drawn on but seven times in the twenty-five weeks and another innovation, if it had been intended to be a rule, is this: each week is to be devoted to a single production or double bill which will be run regularly from Monday to Saturday, inclusively, Molière, Beaumarchais, Shakespeare, Alfred de Musset are the authors whose masterpieces are thus to be infrequently given. "Le Médecin malgré Lui," "L'Avare," "Le Misanthrope" and "L'Amour Médecin," are the Molière offerings. Alfred de Musset's single draught is the charming, witty and melancholy "Caprices de Marianne"; the Shakespeare bill will be the same play we saw in French at this theatre last season, "La Nuit des Rois"; (Midsummer Night's Dream) Alfred de Vigny's "Chatterton" may be classed as a classic and, of course, La Fontaine's little known "La Coupe Enchantée" is one.

Dumas Fils, Ibsen, Augier, Verlaine, represent the 19th century French theatre, rather a meager showing since it includes a foreigner and Verlaine whose play, his only play, "Les Uns et les Autres," a one-act piece can be shown merely as a curiosity.

The moderns, therefore, have the season almost to themselves and this fact speaks volumes as to what M. Copeau learned last year. Ex-

perience taught him that a literary play, *pur et simple*, did occasionally catch the public; Merimée's piece did but also that literature without drama emptied the theatre. So he uses of the French master only those pieces of his maturity which still interest a general public and chooses his other scant classics with the same wisdom. The spice of Beaumarchais's "Figaro" rarely fails of a degree of effect and in war times it is apt to prove more than usually sparkling.

The same care in selection seems to have been employed when it came to a choice of the near-classics: Dumas' "Femme de Claude" is the nearest approach to a topic pertinent to the times which could have been chosen out of his long list of plays; "Georgette Lemeunier," by Maurice Donnay is less encumbered than some of that author's recent pieces with dogma and of course when it comes down to Bataille, Renard, Bernard and Bernstein, nothing given us by these modern successful writers is caviare to the present generation of playgoers who know them in translation almost as soon as Parisians do in their vernacular.

The modern comedy writers are in force in the announced repertoire: Paul Claudel, Emile Mazaud, Alfred Capus, George Courteline. We may therefore look for a quite different company in the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier this year than last. For to say it as kindly as possible, last year's society of players in that little house was a serious band. They worked hard and unfortunately showed that they were working hard which worried the spectator brought up to believe in the traditional Gallic lightness of touch and mercurial verve; they rarely smiled and when they did it was nearly always with a suspicion of tears behind the smile.

The French company of last season has been increased by the addition of Eloise Beryl, Mme. Van Doren, Mlle. Jeaniet, Romaine Bouquet, Rene Bouquet and Henri Noel.

M. Copeau has the theory and practices it of engaging young people who are untrained and

un-stagy, believing that he can get better results from this material than he would be able to obtain from actors afflicted with a smattering of stage tradition and habit. No doubt he is right. The theory is not original with him; it was emphasized by a playwright and producer, the late Dion Boucicault in many of his pieces. That celebrated actor had at his finger tips all the tricks and devices of the stage and of the play-author. It used to be amusing to see his pupils in one of his pieces; one could close one's eyes and fancy Boucicault was assuming all the parts.

That M. Copeau overcame great obstacles in his first season has to be admitted freely. He literally built a stage, constructed scenery, designed and manufactured costumes and laid plans for obtaining audiences while at the same time and all the time he was rehearsing artists whom he dared not leave for a moment to their own inspirations. That some of his effects of novelty on the stage were flimsy may be admitted without detracting from the value of his work as a whole. Out of these herculean labors he succeeded in putting on in his first season a half dozen pieces which should have taught our native producers that they still had a great deal to learn. In truth, although he did not succeed in establishing his theatre on a firm financial foundation he carried out as far as was humanly possible his very lofty ideals for the theatre. It was a happy day for New York when this actor-producer transported his little stage from an obscure street of Paris to West 35th Street in New York. If any theatre needs ideals and aspirations, if any theatre needs new ideas, it is the stage of the Western metropolis.

From the prospectus it would appear that the Parisian manager who is still regarded in his native Paris with a degree of condescension has learned a little more of what this audience wants and, without lowering his standard, is prepared to give it to them within reason. On his lofty compromise the best hopes of the French Theatre in New York may well be based.





*From a photograph by White*

Act II. The Queen of the Carnival bestows the prize  
on Nicolò as the best violin maker in Cremona

TAVIE BELGE AND THOMAS CONKEY IN THE MODERN  
OPERETTA "FIDDLERS THREE," AT THE CORT THEATRE



# THE PUBLIC AND THE ARTIST

*We know what the audience thinks of the dancer, but  
what are the feelings of the dancer towards her audience?*

By DESIREE LUBOVSKA



**D**O the public and the artist see the same in the dance? Much has been written about this art from the standpoint of the audience, its spectacular and scenic effects, the personality of the different talented interpreters. It has all been from the other side of the footlights. I should like to present to the public the feelings of the artist towards the audience, in order to make clear certain of the aspirations of all artists who express themselves in the dance.

I feel that too much mystery has been woven into the fabric of the modern dance and that the public who are not students of this form of expression perhaps only take a small part of what the artist really intends them to get, since their minds are devoted to absorbing the color and music and are seeking for mysteries that do not exist or exist only in a degree sufficient to arouse interest, as in a picture of fine quality. An old Eastern fairy tale will illustrate my thought:



**A**N ancient king desired the finest robe for his coronation that could be made. Hearing of this, two tailors of a rather doubtful reputation set out at once for the court, with a plan of great ingenuity, although reflecting little credit on their honesty. Once there, they announced themselves as being able to produce the finest material the world had ever known. This material was to be so marvelous that only the wisest men in the kingdom would be able to see it at all; it was not for the common eye. They called for the finest materials, the rarest jewels, and then apparently set to work. In spite of their apparent efforts the looms remained empty. This deeply impressed the entire populace who set out to see this marvelous weaving. At first they doubted their own senses and then rather than be considered stupid, professed to see something that did not exist. From all sides came pæans of praise for these wonderful weavers and no one but was able to describe something that existed only as a figment of their imagination. The king himself, paid a visit

allowed himself to be gulled into the popular belief.

At last the tailors announced that their labors were completed, and they went through the movements of putting this wonderful garment on the still-deluded king. Sad to relate, he attended the coronation in little more than his crown, his sceptre, and the illusion that possessed him and his entire people in regard to the costume.

In the audience that saw the splendid ceremonies performed, there were certainly a few doubters, and the solemnity of the coronation must have been to them extremely entertaining. The doubts thus aroused gradually spread to the people, and the public then visited their displeasure on the entire race of tailors because of the chicanery of these two.

This reflects the popular attitude towards certain phases of the art of dancing. They are tired of looking at the empty looms. They demand the real thing; they are turning to the devoted few who have really created something, who in following the form of the story, are good tailors, but who for one reason or another have not had the best material to work with.

It is trite to ask the public to take the art of dancing seriously, and yet no other form of words conveys the thought that is in my mind. In primitive times the dance was used to interpret every deep emotional relationship with the

was the one language they felt deeply enough to reach and express the god idea. The effort to conventionalize certain characters, developed certain forms of physical expression which gradually grew into dance steps and movements.

The modern dancers must feel the dignity of the art which they interpret. The public must be brought to understand the dignity and importance of this ancient form of expression that has survived through all the ages with an ever increasing interest. Therefore, anything that tends to degrade the art, to put it on a level with sensational efforts, or to make its appeal too pointedly along sensual lines, is equally repulsive to the true artist and to the cultured audience. A sincere dancer is as jealous of the reputation of his art as is a sculptor, a painter, or a musician.

The modern dancer seeks to express to the audience not only the surface emotions of the character represented, but the deeper significance



**T**HE aim is to show through beautiful movements of the body not only the beauty of the physical body but the finest expressions of mental vision and spiritual conception.

How true it is, indeed, that where beauty depicted for mere beauty's sake, it is a cold and colorless affair. A work of art must be fired with the dynamics of life and spiritual vision in order to stir the heart or awaken the intellect.

Superficial dancing could be likened to little children learning to recite poetry without knowing its meaning. Little attention has been paid to the psychology of color, the potency of natural human expression, and emotion in motion—soul pictures set music.

Nearly every one to-day has been trained, or instinctively knows, how to distinguish the integral parts of musical composition—melody, rhythm, harmony, point, counterpoint, theme, etc. We know because we are not blind, that painting has color, light, shadow, technique, and meaning—practically all the parts of music save its melody.

"Pure dancing, then, is and should be the essence of

emotional expression; the visualized ideals of all phases of emotional beings, historical, psychological, and religious; the perfect demonstration of the law of obedience with respect to impulse, principle, idea; a reproduction of ideals in rhythmic motion; the visible language of the soul



Photo Marcia Stein

DESIREE LUBOVSKA

Première danseuse in "Everything" at the Hippodrome

of state to the craftsmen who had excited so much talk in his kingdom and since everyone else was able to describe the beauties and marvels of the tissue, he himself felt that he must be very stupid not to be able to see it; and rather than admit his mental lack to his people,

phenomena of nature. Dancing was the center of tribal life and was the basis of the modern drama, music, and religious ceremonies, and the costumes especially created for the dance among primitive peoples represent their highest form of æsthetic expression in color and line. Dancing





Sarony

**WALKER  
WHITESIDE**

Broadway will see this splendid actor shortly in "The Little Brother," a piece which ran successfully in London for a year

(Below)

**JANET BEECHER**

One of the leading players in "Double Exposure," the farce by Avery Hopwood recently seen here

(Below)

**GERTRUDE DALLAS**

This attractive player is supporting Mitzi in the new musical piece, "Head Over Heels"



Sarony



Lewis-Smith

A TRIUMVIRATE OF LEADING PLAYERS



# A PAGE FROM YESTERDAY



## EARLY TICKET SPECULATION HAMLET IN STREET CLOTHES ROBERT G. INGERSOLL A CRITIC

WHEN "The Great Ruby" was playing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, a balloon used to advertise the play lay down on the job and also on the Sixth Avenue elevated, holding up traffic for some time.

IN 1900, when it was reported that David Belasco was going to build a model theatre on Broadway, he received a letter from a woman expressing the wish that the proposed theatre would have a looking glass where women could put on the hats which they had just learned to take off during performances. "Please, oh, please, Mr. Belasco," the letter ran, "be good to us. The manager who makes women comfortable while they are in the theatre is unconsciously acquiring a large staff of unsalaried press agents that are good talkers and grateful to the point of insanity for small favors."

DURING the late nineties, one of the hotels in Terre Haute, Ind., kept a separate register for theatrical people.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL dipped into dramatic criticism in 1887, with the following remarks about Julia Marlowe: "To retain the freshness that is her greatest charm, all she will have to do is to keep away from the elocutionists and pay no attention to the critics. Her talent needs no guide save that afforded by experience and her own mentality."

THE press in 1887 heralded a new gas-burning apparatus which it was predicted would "revolutionize interior illumination and put out the incandescent light." One authority thought that it would "prove more powerful and economical than the electric light for lightning theatres and theatre lobbies." But somehow the incandescent has managed to survive.

PEARLS come in different hues. William Gillette appeared in "The Great Pink Pearl" in 1887. And this season, "The Blue Pearl" came to Broadway.

NEW YORK ticket speculators please copy! In 1866, when Forrest opened an engagement in San Francisco as Richelieu, the first ticket for the opening performance brought \$500.

IS the theatre a luxury? Congress wants to know. And Providence, in Colonial days, passed "an Act to Prevent Stage Plays and other Theatrical entertainments within this Colony," on the ground that theatregoing occasioned "great and unnecessary expenses."

HAMLET isn't necessarily a costume play. Once, when his baggage failed to arrive in time for the performance at Waterbury, Conn., Booth played the first three acts in his street clothes, while the Ghost wore a tin dipper on his head in lieu of a helmet.

WHENEVER a new brand of breakfast food or a new style of scouring soap is put on the market, one of the favorite ways of introducing it is to distribute "samples" in a house-to-house canvass. What if the Broadway managers were to adopt similar tactics, and distribute "free samples" of their fall productions? It doesn't seem likely, does it?

And yet no longer ago than in 1899 a repertoire company in one of the principal New England cities gave a free matinee at the beginning of the week in order to coax patronage nor is it so long ago that Corse Payton and Cecil Spooner gave tea parties to the audiences on the stage of their Brooklyn theatre, after the matinee performance—the object, of course, being to encourage hero worship and thus advertise the show.

Most of the old methods of attracting crowds have given place to more modern devices. Nowadays, when a manager wants to "drum up trade," he either papers the house or else arranges with the speculators to buy a big block of the seats for the first eight weeks of the run.

And yet, why abandon all the old tricks? Think of the drawing power of a marriage on the stage. County fairs used to advertise the marriage of a couple in a balloon as a special attraction. Some of our war melodramas could substitute a tank for the balloon.

Then there were the street parades, bloodhounds and all that used to precede "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Wonder if the Shuberts ever thought of that idea for the Winter Garden?

THE first voice that traveled over a wire from Chicago to Boston was an actor's. It belonged to DeWolf Hopper. Faulty insulation of the telephone instrument resulted in a slight burn on the actor's hand. "Never mind," was his comment. "This isn't the first time I have been roasted in Chicago."

IN 1893 Marie Wainwright announced her retirement from the stage. "But," she added, "I am not certain that my retirement will be permanent." Subsequent events have justified her uncertainty.

FAITH in the power of advertising was never stronger than in 1899, when this advertisement appeared in a theatrical journal: "Wanted, an author to write a romantic play. State experience."

WHEN Horace Greeley was offered a box for a performance of Charles Fechter in "The Lady of Lyons," he declined on the ground that he "didn't want to lose the right to criticize a foreigner." Fechter was an Anglo-French actor.

HAVE you missed vaudeville recently? When motion pictures were shown for the first time in Keith's Union Square Theatre J. Austin Fynes, then Mr. Keith's general manager, predicted that in ten years the movies would replace the vaudeville houses.

MATHILDE COTTRELLY, appearing on Broadway this season in "Friendly Enemies," has been manager as well as actress. For she at one time managed the Thalia Theatre on the Bowery.

WHEN Wallace Eddinger got his first bicycle, back in 1893, that fact appeared in the theatrical notes. Only everyone called him "Wally" then.

AT the beginning of this century, Douglas Fairbanks and the movie camera hadn't even had an introduction. "Doug" was playing small Shakespearean rôle with Frederick Warde.

THE Bowery After Dark" sounds like a lightless night play, doesn't it? It's the title of a melodrama which Sam H. Harris produced many years ago, with Terry McGovern, feather-weight pugilist, as the star.

MORE than thirty years ago, Flo and May Irwin were appearing in vaudeville in a "sister" act.

DO you go down to the Bowery to hear grand opera when you are in New York? Not now, but in the seventies a \$5,000 house to listen to grand opera in the Stadt Theatre was not unusual.

IN 1903, George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," was placed under the ban in Vienna because it presented a somewhat burlesqued picture of the Bulgarian army. Wonder what Vienna thinks of it by now?

WHEN electric signs first began to come into general use as theatrical display advertising, they didn't have the sweep of vision nor the prodigality of their modern successors. In the early days, there was often just a limited space for the lettering, and if an author had been so thoughtless as to select a long title, he had to take the consequences. The electrician did the necessary abbreviating. Thus there appeared "The Jmt of King Solomon" for "The Judgment of King Solomon," and "A Rmkble Case," a remarkable makeshift for "A Remarkable Case."

ONE thing is certain: Richard Mansfield's tours were made before the day of McAdoo railroad regulation. That artist utilized a private train of ten cars when he went on the road, and his own private car was reputed to have cost \$30,000.

THE word "green room" was evolved from the old "scene room"; that is, the room off the scene, or stage.

THERE was a time when actresses shrunk from publicity. Incredible, but true. Mrs. Morris, a favorite American actress of the last century, was so modest that she went to the trouble of having a private path made from her lodgings in John Street, so that she could reach the Park Theatre without being stared at by the fashionable loiterers on Broadway. As to employing a press agent! Never!



## AMATEUR THEATRICALS

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

### MAKING UP

IN the first instalment of "Making Up" in the October issue, we discussed the various kinds of creams and grease-paints, essential to an effective make-up, and in this, the last article, on this fascinating subject, we will take up the question of wigs and beards. If space permitted, we should like to tell you in detail all the methods of make-up from youth to maturity and old age; the correct way to make up the eyes, the mouth, the lips—and even the hands—for "character" as well as "straight" parts, but in the brief outline we have been able to give you in these two articles, we believe that we have at least pointed the way, to the amateur performer who is keen for perfection. We recommend to the amateur wishing to make a serious study of make-up, the book "Making Up" by James Young, to whom we are indebted for much of the material in this article. The book gives a complete history of make-up, explicit and understandable directions, with many illustrations.

#### WIGS

SOMEWHERE we have been told that the hair is the crowning glory—and it is certainly the crowning achievement of a good make-up. Even though the wig may be lacking in the qualities of luster and luxuriance, it may, from the artistic point of view, be beautiful in its baldness, in its delicacy of construction, and naturalness of effect.

Naturalness, undoubtedly, is paramount to every other effect. It is the aim of those who wear wigs that they shall not be "wiggy" in appearance; and to gain this effect, much care, labor and thought are demanded.

In costume plays, representing a particular period, great care as to correctness must be observed. The hair should be worn "according to the fashion of the time."

If the wig happens to be of a different color from your own hair, you can easily color yours to blend with the wig. With a little masco, water and brush, your hair can be made gray, blonde or brunette, and this is easily washed off. Grease-paint is sometimes used to color the sides of the hair to match the wig, and while it is for many reasons not satisfactory, yet it will do in an emergency.

The wig must be pulled well down in the back, in order to completely cover your own hair. With your hand-mirror, see that this is well executed before going on the stage. The sides and back are the points where the fact that it is a wig is most apparent, and, if the illusion is to be complete, the wig must



George C. Williams as "Cap'n Warren"

seem to be the thing that it is not, and not what it is. When it is put in place on the head, it must cease to be a wig. If you are to play only a few performances, you will find that you will now be able to rent very fine ones which are carried in stock, and can be hired for these occasions. These will be dressed, and made to fit the wearer.

Wig making has reached such a degree of perfection that it is not difficult to secure a wig that will appear as if it were your own hair, no matter what the style of the wig may be.

#### BEARDS

THERE are two methods of attaching false beards to the face. The most natural and effective way is, of course, the

most difficult and troublesome. It is to practically make the beard on the face, by shaping it out of crêpe hair; the other way is to have the beard on a gauze foundation, which fits the lines of the face.

\* \* \*

To be quite frank, it is almost impossible to accurately describe how to make beards any more than physics can be studied satisfactorily without the aid of demonstrations and experiments; yet, there are certain rules which, when combined with practice, will be sufficient to enable the student to make for himself a natural appearing beard. Some actors excel in the perfect handling of crêpe hair, and their moustaches and beards are so true to life that they could walk upon the street with little fear of detection. Again, other painstaking players seem never to be able to master the science of the manipulation of this part of the make-up, and so have the beards made on gauze.

#### THE MOUSTACHE

THE moustache is the "bête noir" of the beginner, or, speaking more exactly, to both the amateur and his audience; for it is usually black beyond all semblance to any natural shade, and in shape and size out of all natural proportions.

In the first place, the young amateur is often fearful of his moustache falling off. The consciousness of this fact makes him nervous, and as this agitation is by some peculiar psychological transmission conveyed to the understanding of the audience, both suffer from its effects.

Remember, to begin with, the hair on the face is almost invariably lighter than the hair of the head.

Moustaches made by the wig-maker, woven on silk gauze, are the most natural in representing modern styles. They are pasted on the lips, and when artistically made, look as if the hair were growing from the flesh.

\* \* \*

THE particularly clever make-up of George C. Williams as "Cap'n Warren," in a production by the Amards, an amateur dramatic organization connected with the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, is a striking example of what may be accomplished with a properly worked-up beard of crêpe hair—and careful attention to detail. We have but one criticism to make—and that a rather important one. Mr. Williams forgot to make up his hands to convey the illusion of rugged old age.

#### Forthcoming Articles

On this page, from time to time, will appear articles on

SCENERIES  
COSTUMES  
PROPERTIES  
PLAYS



# "SHERWOOD, or ROBIN HOOD and the THREE KINGS"

Directed by GRACE C. ANDERSON

MITCHELL COLLEGE, STATESVILLE, N. C.



THE students of Mitchell College, Statesville, N. C., presented that most beautiful play, "Sherwood," by Alfred Noyes, on the College out-of-door stage.

The stage is situated on low, tree-crowded ground, from which the foreground gently rises,



Ruth Morrison as "Robin Hood" and Mildred Smith as "Maid Marian"



Mildred Bedford as "Shadow-of-a-Leaf"

COLORLED lights were used for flower-hung fairy-land (which showed beyond the gates when they stood open)—, and for a sunset glow; yellow and clear lights were turned on for moonlight and for castle scenes. Wide steps led up to the many entrances for the free passage of the actors. Over the gangways tramped the Black Knight's war-horse and Blondel's snow-white charger. And, over them too, trotted the little grey donkey led by the dancing Fool as he waved his ferns: and cried, "Hosanna!"

AN unusual feature of the presentation was "A Song of Sherwood," (one of Noyes' short poems) used as a prologue. The stage is set. For a moment there is an expectant stillness. Then, far-off—bugles blow in like ghosts of echoes. Silence. Suddenly, a dancing figure, looking like a spray of forest-green, appears through the trees. It is the Spirit of Sherwood.

She is on tiptoe, her hands lifted, her face listening: "Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?" She pleads with a great longing that the dead of the merry green-wood rise from their leafy beds. Her voice joyously exults as, at last, full-blown bugles sound close



Virginia Steele as "Queen Elinor" and Kathryn Somers as "Prince John"

affording a very fine elevation for an audience.

The stage-setting for "Sherwood" need not be elaborate. A framework was built about five feet from the back of the stage to hold the gates of fairy-land, a window, a green-curtained alcove, and a platform from which steps led down to the stage.

This framework and the entire back and sides of the stage were massed with trees and ferns. From the side-front, and on the ground, a painted set of woodland slides cut off the "behind-the-scenes" from the audience.

at hand. She disappears dancing through the green:

"—— the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,

Calling, as he used to call, faint and far away, In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day."

Again there is a moment of stillness, broken this time, (as a fuller moonlight floods the stage) by the wild cry of a serf who is dragged on by King John's men and the play has begun.

KING JOHN'S

MEN

IN



".....SHERWOOD,

ABOUT THE BREAK

OF DAY"



## NOTABLE PRESENTATIONS BY AMATEUR SOCIETIES



## "MAID OF FRANCE"

BY HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

PRESENTED BY THE

OUTDOOR PLAYERS,

PETERBORO, N. H.,

FOR THE FUND FOR

KNITTING IN NEW HAMP-

SHIRE INSTITUTIONS



Hilda White as Joan of Arc and  
Sidney Dudley as an English Tommy

IN a charming spot about two miles from Peterboro, N. H., is located the delightful summer school camp who call themselves "The Outdoor Players." A beautiful, natural out-door stage, in a picturesque spot has been the scene of many a delightful pantomime or dramatic performance. Recently a performance of "The Magic Flute" was given, as arranged and coached by Alexis Kosloff (of the Imperial Russian Ballet, Moscow). Other instructors in the school include Lotto Alma Clark, Head of the Department of History, Boston Normal School; Louise Mackintosh Rogers, Dramatic Coach and Hostess, and Marie Ware Laughton, Director. Their performance of the "Maid of France" was given with special scenery and lighting effects by Livingston Platt, in which Hilda White impersonated Joan of Arc, with uncommon dignity, and Sidney Dudley (who we might mention, is a professional) took the part of an English Tommy with easy freedom

## THE PLAYERS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

IN

## "THE RIVALS"



(From left to right)

Rafaele Brunnetto,  
as Captain Absolute  
Pearl King Tanner,  
as Lydia Languish  
William H. Crane,  
as Sir Anthony Absolute  
Emelie Melville,  
as Mrs. Malaprop  
William S. Rainey,  
as Bob Acres  
Mae O'Keeffe,  
as Lucy

A REMARKABLE performance of "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was given in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, California, when William H. Crane and Emelie Melville appeared with members of the Little Theatre of San Francisco, conducted by the Players Club, of which Mr. Crane and Miss Melville are honorary members. The Players Club is an organization of unusual amateur actors, who have been banded together for six years, producing plays of the highest literary merit. "The Rivals" was staged under the direction of Reginald Travers, director of the Little Theatre



## A PERFORMANCE OF "SHYLOCK"

GIVEN BY

### "THE AMARDS"—A DRAMATIC SOCIETY AT THE ITHACA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC



THE Amards is the enigmatic name given to the Students' Society in the Dramatic Department of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music. This society is now in its twentieth year and has presented some very creditable dramatic productions. They regularly present a long play in January and June; also several short plays during the season. The long plays are coached by the director of the department, while the short plays are presented under the coaching of one of the advanced students in the school. Last year the society presented sixteen short plays, also "The Merchant of Venice" and "Cap'n Warren," the latter being a dramatization by George C. Williams, head of the dramatic department, of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod story by the same name.



George C. Williams as Shylock

A SHORT time ago this society conducted a Dramatic Festival for three afternoons and evenings, giving in all twelve plays typical of various epochs in the development of the drama from its beginning down to the present time.

The society also conducts four annual social affairs:—a Masquerade Ball on Hallowe'en; Twelfth Night Revels, including a banquet, Christmas tree and Twelfth Night Games, at Christmas time; a Sleigh Ride to one of the neighboring towns in February; and a Picnic on Cayuga Lake in June.

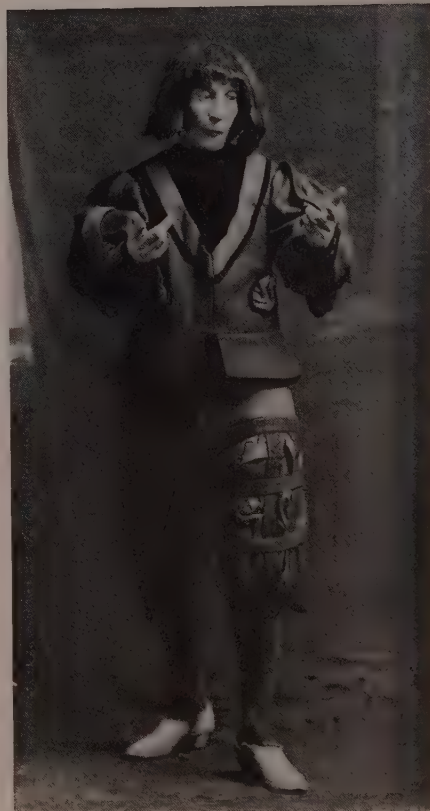
Frederick Ward, the noted tragedian, is an honorary member of the Amard Society.



Ray Smith and Nadia Landon as Bassanio and Portio

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" was presented in Elizabethan manner with the regular Elizabethan setting, pictures from the presentation accompanying this article. Two very creditable presentations were given for local charity benefit.

Other plays given by the society include "A Professor's Love Story," by Barrington; "The Lady of Lyons," "The Rivals," "The Middleman," by Henry Arthur James; "A Bachelor's Romance," by Morton; "The Taming of the Shrew," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Master Pierre Patelin," "Sweet Lavender," by Pinero; "The Suppliants," by Aeschylus; "Esmeralda," by Burnett; "David Garrick" and "Everyman."



Arthur Bell as young Gobbo



# Columbia Grafonola



THE greatest operatic music was beautiful before it was great—and Columbia Records bring you the best of that magical beauty.

Haunting melodies, exquisite catches and snatches of song, music of joy and of laughter, glorious marches, the fanfare of trumpets, majestic choruses—all that and more have Columbia Records

SUCH great artists as Lazaro, Stracciari, Barrientos and Mardones make records exclusively for Columbia. But the music they choose for recording is always the truly great music of beautiful and inspiring melody. Beautiful melody—that is the distinguishing quality of both Columbia Records and the Columbia Grafonola. Music you really like, played as you like to hear it—that's what they give you always.



To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola.

COLUMBIA Records on the Columbia Grafonola bring the best music of all lands and all ages into the friendly intimacy of your own home. They make good music what it ought to be in every family—an enduring source of pleasure and inspiration, a solace in time of trouble, an added joy in happy days.

A very human sort of an instrument is this Columbia Grafonola. A big, handsome, musical friend with a voice that is sweet and clear and strong, bringing good cheer to every home he enters. You need his cheerful voice in yours.

Buy War Savings Stamps

Columbia Graphophone Co., New York



Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to \$300.  
Period Designs up to \$2100.



# TYPES—

## MISS MARY NASH AN IRISH BEAUTY

By  
ANNE ARCHBALD



**J**UST as there are two Irelands, the North and the South, so there are two different types of beauty, the Northern and the Southern. Miss Nash's type is the South of Ireland, County Clare being the birthplace of her ancestors. Therefore she has brown eyes and brown shades in her black hair, to go with them, instead of blue eyes and blue-black hair, though

she has the white camellia skin that is the common property of both types.

Miss Nash is one of the most individually dressed women on the stage and her appearance in any play always means—among other things—a distinct sartorial treat. One "reason why" is that each of her frocks is "designed on her," she says. Madame Julie—who has dressed Miss

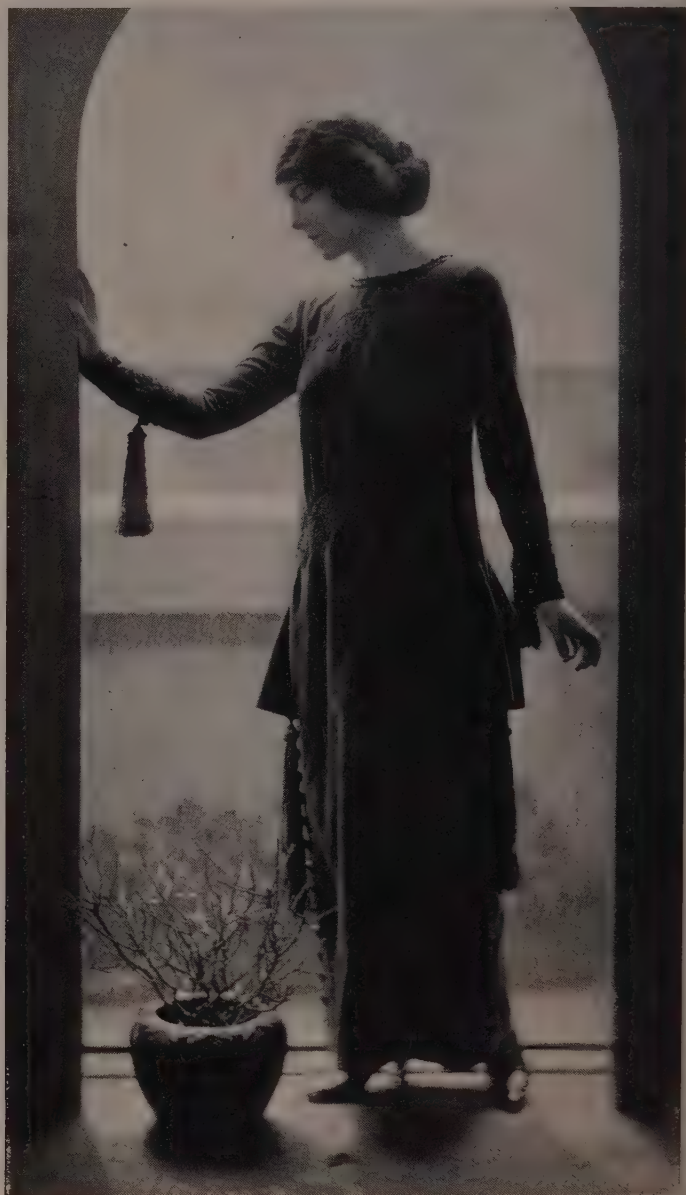
Nash for several years—superintends the designing, "and the material is never cut until it has first been draped and pinned on her."

Miss Nash's is a type that can stand a great deal of vivid color in her clothes, and she has taken full advantage of that fact in these five frocks from "I. O. U.," which was recently presented at the new Belmont Theatre.



Photos Ira L. Hill

*Yellow is one of Miss Nash's favorite shades both for individual wear and for her stage frocks, and this tea-gown of corn yellow panne velvet, a fabric which takes on the most delicious nuances under the lights, is contrasted with the tawny yellow of fitch fur. There is a high-in-front and down-in-back neckline and the part of the robe that is hidden from you is cut on semi-fitted Princess lines with a girdle of twisted yellow chenille and tassels loosely knotted around the waist line*



*To match Miss Nash's lovely County-Clare-South-of-Ireland-brown-eyes-and-black-hair-coloring is this day frock in that smart and unusual French combination of shades, black and brown, the brown of tobacco duvetyn with the black of soutache and chenille embroidery. There are long black soutache and chenille tassels hanging from the wrists and the side folds of the skirt, which reaches quite to the ankles and is buttoned down one side with black bone buttons*



(Center)

It is perhaps not so difficult to summon that come-hither Irish light in the eyes when you can rest with such absolute Gibraltar-like assurance on the breath-taking picture you make in a flamingo pink velvet dinner gown over a silver lace petticoat, with every accessory in a state of artistic perfection, — fan of deeper pink in uncurled ostrich, diamond hoop earrings and chain and pin, slippers of flesh pink satin with brilliant buckles

(Below)

A rich claret-colored velvet is combined with Kolinsky fur and a shining silver girdle-ribbon for this street frock, and Miss Nash's choice of headgear to go with it is one more proof of her expertness in handling tones in a costume. For the hat is of black velvet and has wreathed around it a feather of uncurled ostrich, a shade brighter and redder than the claret velvet, the red, say, of claret held to the light



(Below)

A gallant costume, a Cavalier costume! A costume rich in color! The dress is of sapphire blue velvet, its skirt hem embroidered in wheat sprays of hyacinth blue, and has a loose panel falling from the shoulders, somewhat like a pushed-back Cavalier cape, except that it is tucked under and fastened at the hip line; the gay plumes on the black velvet hat are of vivid King's blue; and the bag is of black and steel



Photos Ira L. Hill



# REVILLON FRÈRES *in the* ORIENT\*

Trading Posts in Northern Siberia for the Collection of Sables and

Ermine: Zavodes in Bokhara for Handling Broadtail and Persians.

French, American and South American Furs.

ASIA has two great fur producing regions, one in Northern Siberia, the home of two of the most valuable furs known to the market—the Russian Sable and the Ermine—and Bokhara, “The roof of the world”, where the Asiatic sheep is raised for its beautiful pelt. The conditions of fur trading in these districts differ somewhat from those in our own Northwest country, though they are in no respects less difficult.

The northernmost Revillon post in Siberia is the one at Dudinka near the mouth of the Yenisei River. Fridtjof Nansen came upon this post in his search for an open passage for shipping from Siberia to Europe, and seemed greatly surprised to find the comforts of life so near the Arctic Circle. In his book he writes of the town and the post store as follows: “There was a pretty little church with a belfry and no fewer than seven bells. There was also a French shop, Revillon’s, where we bought a coffee pot, glasses, plates and various other things to supplement our scanty messing outfit.”

The native race in Northern Siberia is the Ostiaks. They are very primitive in their mode of life and far from fastidious. They clean house by the simple method of moving the tent a short distance away from its old location. As real estate isn’t valuable in Northern Siberia the plan works well enough. The Ostiaks live by trapping, which they carry on in much the same way as our own Northern Indians. They set out in the Fall for the trapping grounds with their equipment and provisions, working until about Christmas when they return with their catch of furs. They stay at home for a few weeks through the severest weather and then go out again for what is called their Spring catch. The Winter catch secured from Autumn to December is brought to the main trading posts by sledge, but the Spring catch can be transported by rivers to the various centers on the Trans-Siberian Railway.

With the Ostiaks hunting and trapping are religious observances as well as a means of livelihood. Before going out to take game they perform interesting ceremonial rites and the actual taking of game is carefully guarded from the eyes of any stranger. They regard the bear with peculiar reverence and for a particularly binding oath they swear on a bear’s head. This does not prevent them, however, from killing bears when they have an opportunity to do so.

The main office of Revillon Frères in Siberia is at Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei River. This is a town of some importance on the Trans-Siberian Railroad and is the center of the Northern Asiatic fur district. Revillon Frères have erected here a modern building for collecting furs and sorting and shipping them to their branches in Europe and America. From this main post at Krasnoyarsk buyers are sent out through the South among the Tatars. Tatar buyers travel with cash and buy furs from trappers and from the small Tatar shopkeepers who have taken the skins in exchange. The Tatars are good trappers and shrewd traders. Revillon buyers travel among them selecting with an experienced eye the choicest skins which they forward to the main trading post.

The furs secured in the northern districts are

\* In a preceding article we published a brief sketch of the activities of Revillon Frères in Canada. The present paper gives a similar account of the collection of furs in Siberia and other countries where Revillon Frères have large organizations for buying skins in the original market.  
Copyright, 1918, by Revillon Frères.

white and red foxes and squirrels, while ermine, kolinsky, sable and Caucasian marten are found in great numbers in the central and Tatar territory.

Of these pelts the sable and the ermine are the most conspicuous in history as well as in fashion. The Russian sable varies greatly in color as in size, the darker skins being the most highly prized; but as these skins vary not only in intensity

of shade but in tone, the individual difference is almost unlimited. The considerable cost of sable skins is due not only to the rarity of the animal but to the variation in the individual pelts which requires the highest skill in matching.

The finest sables are collected around Bargusin and Yakutsk east of Lake Baikal. They are very dark and silky, suitable for coats and wraps. The Kamchatka sables with deeper longer furs are used more largely for sets.

The ermine furnishes one of the most interesting examples in nature of protective coloring. In summer it is a light reddish neutral harmonizing with the general tone of its surroundings, but in winter it changes to pure white which is invisible against the snow. Naturally the ermine is trapped only in winter when the condition as well as the color of its pelt is most attractive.

Sable and ermine have been highly valued from the greatest antiquity and are two of the four heraldic furs. The use of both has been limited at different times by sumptuary laws but they may now be worn by whoever can appreciate their beauty and afford their price. Ermine is still used on the ceremonial robes worn at the coronation of a British sovereign, the width and markings of the bands being regulated strictly by the rank of the wearer.

Certain parts of Siberia were settled by the former Russian government with political prisoners, and sometimes with ordinary convicts. Some years ago a half score prisoners escaped from the prison at Tourouharsk, and on the night of October 1st, 1906, made an armed attack on the Revillon trading post at Selivanino on the river Tunguska. The assistant trader Shuman was severely wounded in the right arm while trying to defend the safe and offices on the ground floor. The robbers secured 11,275 roubles. They also seized the public buildings of the town and took the government funds. The Revillon district manager at Krasnoyarsk complained at once to the Governor General, who sent a guard of Cossacks to hunt out the fugitives and protect the shipments of furs as far as Krasnoyarsk. The whole district was for quite a while under military law and ultimately the robbers were recaptured; the booty, however, was never recovered.

With the coming of Spring the collection of Siberian furs is at an end for the year, but a Revillon buyer instead of enjoying a long rest until next Winter must go at once to the other extreme of climate. Crossing the Caspian Sea he lands at Krashnovodsk the terminus of the Trans-Caspian Railroad and travels under a broiling sun in overheated cars through desert solitudes until he reaches the ancient Khanate of Bokhara, “The roof of the world.”

Bokhara is the home of the Persian lamb which grazes in large flocks, often numbering five thousand head, on the desert table lands. As the grass on these steppes is short and scanty the shepherds must constantly lead their flocks from place to place. It is a curious fact that all attempts to breed this fur bearing sheep in other countries have failed entirely. Only in Bok-



Coat of Pure White Siberian Ermine.



The Fur Market at Irbit.



hara can conditions be found which give the pelt its distinctive and beautiful character.

The skins are sold by the breeders in the green state, and as they deteriorate rapidly in the hot climate they have to be prepared for their long voyage before leaving the country. The native processes of curing lambskins were so unsatisfactory to Revillon Frères that they determined years ago to establish a factory of their own where the skins could be treated scientifically, but it was many years before this could be accomplished. Bokhara is a Mohammedan country governed until late events by an Emir under the protection of Russia. The old city of Bokhara is entirely native and the new city is considered military territory. Land there could not be purchased by foreign owners, but a few years ago Revillon Frères obtained a special permit to build their factory in the interests of the fur industry. A 99-year lease was secured and a modern *zavode* was built. The *zavode* contains living accommodations for the white members of the staff as there is no modern hotel in Bokhara and the ancient caravanserai is decidedly deficient in comfort. The representatives of the firm live in Bokhara for about two months in the Spring of each year.

It actually requires more pluck, perseverance and energy to trade in Bokhara than in North America and Siberia, since the trader has to fight against treacherous fevers which await the unacclimated European. It takes years for buyers to get acquainted with the best native breeders and to find the herds which produce the best skins. Each year a million and a half Astrachan skins are exported to Europe and America. The lambs are killed while quite young, the smallest of all yielding the flat wavy fur called broadtail. This is exceedingly scarce as it is not to the interest of the breeder to produce broadtail but to get the Persian lamb which is the stronger fur taken from an older animal.

Merchant or shepherd the Bokharese is hospitable, sociable and little inclined to violence. He is keen on profit but spends largely on ceremonious occasions such as holy days and marriage. The native shepherds are gay and happy. After a day's wandering the guides and leaders of caravans put up at some wayside caravanserai to drink a steaming cup of tea and relish their pilaff of mutton while the tired camels rest in the ancient courtyard. When the meal is over a primitive guitar is brought out and the dance is begun.

In the Spring of 1918 Red Guards invaded Bokhara and a week of heavy fighting ensued, in which several thousand people were killed and the Red Guards repulsed. Much property was destroyed but luckily the Revillon *zavode* escaped damage. Many of the Russian population returned to Tashkent with the retreating Guards, leaving those who remained behind in dread of even worse disorder, until the Emir decided to protect them. The railroad lines were entirely torn up and traveling had to be resumed by the old stage routes which were safe only when a military escort could be provided.



A new born Persian Lamb.

Many readers will need to be reminded that furs are collected not only in distant places but that some of the most desirable are found in well settled countries. The mole from which such graceful garments are made is found in England, and in great numbers in France where mole catching is a recognized industry. Other valuable French furs are the marten and fitch caught chiefly by gamekeepers and other employees of large estates. The most valuable fur in the United States is skunk, widely distributed in many regions, the darkest and choicest skins coming from the counties near New York. Skunk is caught by farmer boys during the leisure months of Winter.

One of the costliest furs at the present time is Chinchilla which comes from the mountains of Chili, South America. This fur used to be trapped in large quantities



A Revillon Zavode for collecting Persians.



Evening Coat of Chinchilla.

but the species was so nearly exterminated that the government of Chili determined to protect it much as the seals of Alaska have been protected by our own authorities. In 1916 they passed laws regulating the taking of Chinchilla for five years. At present only a very few fine Chinchilla skins are procurable each year. The heavier the fur and the bluer in color the greater the value, the finest specimens coming from the high altitudes. Chinchilla is used mostly for coats and sets for evening wear.

Another American fur of great commercial value is the muskrat. This humble but useful little fur bearer lives along lakes and rivers and in marshes. The muskrat is fortunately very prolific since his skin is one of the most widely used in the fur trade. The darkest muskrats are beautiful in color and when

carefully dressed and skilfully handled make very attractive garments. Large quantities of the ordinary muskrat skins are used for coat linings, and many more are sheared and dyed to make "Hudson Seal" one of the most widely used furs for women's medium priced coats and sets. In former years large quantities of American muskrat skins were sold to the Russian government for military clothing.

In all these countries buyers for Revillon Frères go from place to place collecting the skins which are forwarded to the firm's central warehouses. American purchases are shipped to the raw fur warehouse on the West Side in New York, where they are immediately prepared for manufacture. During the busy season of December and January work goes on continuously night and day.

In whatever country they may be trapped or produced, the choicest furs come at last to the Revillon building in Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street where they are made up into garments or offered to the patrons of the house for selection for custom work, or they are sent to the Revillon establishments in London at 180 Regent Street and to the original house at 81 Rue de Rivoli, Paris.



A Revillon Buyer Thadee Zabieha Inspecting Persian Lamb Skins.





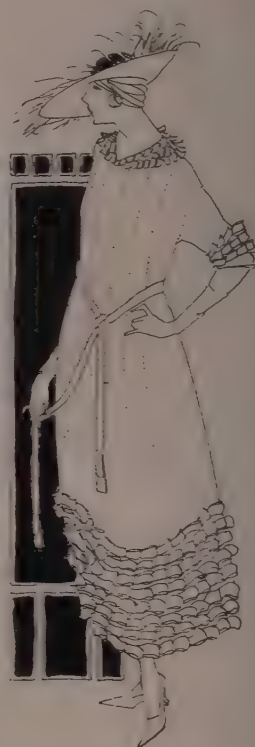
The all-black costume is to be a feature of Miss Walton's wardrobe and this chemise frock from Lanvin is of black satin trimmed with black cord fringe—much like a curtain fringe of a very fine quality—which gives a quaint Victorian effect. Note the fringed neckline and the new belt which buttons across into seven buttonholes instead of tying



Photo Fairchild

A house gown from Callot that is beautifully representative of all that goes to make a French model a—well, a French model, quality and color of material, extreme charm in the simplicity of lines. It comprises a pink satin slip banded head and foot with gold lace over which falls from an Italian neck-line a robe of the palest of crushed raspberry chiffons, an enchanting contrast with Miss Walton's brunette beauty

Another of Miss Walton's French model frocks, also from Cheruit, also of black, black taffeta. This time over a narrow pulled back under petticoat of the same and trimmed with row upon row of loop upon loop of inch-wide black grosgrain ribbon. The straight up and down chemise lines are ingeniously worked out and given character by lines of stitching



## I HAVE A PRIVILEGED VIEW OF SOME FRENCH MODELS

By ANGELINA



I RAN into Miss Florence Walton the other afternoon as I was coming out of the tea-room at the Biltmore. She was looking very fresh and blooming after her summer at Great Neck and was attired charmingly in an all-black costume, black tricolette frock with deep embroidery on the hem, small black hat with a large black Alsatian bow, a black fox fur slipping off her shoulders and a pair of those smart French pumps, silver-buckled, whose round, short-vamped shape she so believes in for the trimness and comfort of a dancing foot. With Miss Walton was her new Russian dancing partner, who takes the place of Mr. Maurice now fighting in France.

Miss Walton was told how effective her all-black picture was and responded that she was

rather specializing in it for the Fall. "I've just bought two other all-black frocks, two stunning French models. And I think they must have been delivered by this time. Don't you want to come up to the apartment and see?"

Naturally I did. We found the frocks just being taken from the tissue by Miss Walton's maid. They were adorable. Quaint, mid-Victorian! Yet both built on the modern "chemise" lines, and those lines manipulated in true French fashion, the material cut out and fitted together again like a picture puzzle, with ingenious stitchings, as you may see in the little sketches above. One black frock, a Lanvin model, was of satin with a border of rows of black silk-cord fringe, the fringe outlining the neck also. Its black satin belt fastened with black satin but-

tons instead of tying. Not a stitch of any other shade, or trimming, was on the frock. It was to be worn dead, solid, black.

So too was the second model, a Cheruit, of black taffeta, with rows of grosgrain ribbon loops weighting down the hem of the skirt like the petals of so many flowers, loops likewise around the neck and the elbow (Note!) sleeves.

Miss Walton told me that when she was in Paris a year ago, Madame Boulanger, head of Cheruit had just originated that loop idea. She used it first on a frock for Miss Walton to take to Biarritz with her, a white chiffon trimmed with lapin on which the little loops were of chiffon and ran down the front. It certainly is a charming conception. (Concluded on page 308)





*Radiant with the spirit of Autumn, and colorful as the bright, blooming chrysanthemums and fallen leaves are the new designs for*

# MALLINSON'S PUSSY WILLOW SILK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*The silk of sensible economy*

*Interesting in its blend of qualities is this correct and exquisite silk and delightfully versatile.*

*As a lining in your new fall suit, coat or furs; or as a charmingly fashioned frock or blouse it adds zest and joy to the wearing. PUSSY WILLOW is guaranteed for two full seasons' wear.*

*"Costs a little more, but worth a whole lot more"*

THERE IS BUT ONE MALLINSON'S  
PUSSY WILLOW. THE NAME ON  
THE SELVAGE OR THE LABEL  
IN THE GARMENT MARKS THE  
GENUINE.

H.R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, Inc.  
"The new silks first"  
MADISON AVENUE-31st STREET NEW YORK.

*Suit of  
Mallinson's  
Satin  
Duvelyn.*

*Ask at the better stores for*  
**MALLINSON'S**  
Silks de Luxe

*Khaki-Kool*

<i>Pussy Willow</i>	<i>Indestructible Voil</i>
<i>Satin Duvelyn</i>	<i>Will o' the Wisp</i>
<i>Orkid-Tissy</i>	<i>Kashmere-Kloth</i>
<i>Roshanara Crepe</i>	<i>Chinchilla Satin</i>
<i>Indestructible Crepe</i>	<i>Pussy Willow Satin</i>

*All trade mark names*





**A. Jaekel & Co.**  
Furriers  
384 Fifth Avenue  
Between 35th & 36th Sts.  
NEW YORK

No. 2—Jeanne Eagels



*Evening Wrap of blue and silver brocaded with Black Fox collar and cuffs, deep border and panel of black velvet*

**"The Furs That Heighten  
Woman's Charm"**

FUR STYLE BOOK  
FREE

## I HAVE A PRIVILEGED VIEW OF SOME FRENCH MODELS

(Continued from page 306)

Having had a first taste of French models I thirsted for more and luck favored me the next morning in the shape of a telephone call from Giddings asking me if I didn't want a look behind the scenes at their French models that had just arrived. Again yes, enchanted!

\* \* \*

The Premet collection is the finest this year, all hands agree. And the finest of their finest are steel beaded effects on black for afternoon and semi-evening frocks. An enchanting frock of black satin—chemise lines, long sleeves, deeply cut V neck, practically to the waist line—was studded over its whole surface at intervals with tiny steel beads. I don't mean thickly studded, but regularly and diagonally placed, each tiny bead at about a two-inch interval from the other. Around the waist line of this goes a narrow girdle, heavy and glistening with the steel beads, which crosses over once and drops down the skirt; and there is a long row of small steel buttons to button it down the back.

\* \* \*

Those small ornamental buttons for the back and for other ornamentation are very popular with Premet and with several of the other houses. The former takes a reduced-in-size copy of the "mandarin" button—that button you know originating on the jacket of the



*One of the best of Jenny's collection and distinctly made for coalless days! Black velvet is combined with taupe angora, which forms a muffling collar and vest to which is attached in back a long sailor collar. For a bit of brightness flexible diamond slides hold the narrow black velvet belt in place at either side of the vest and attach the full tunic skirt to the tight-fitting angora under petticoat*

Chinese dignitary and made of strands of tiny coral beads—and makes it the starting-point for a blue serge one-piece frock. These small sized "mandarins" run diagonally down the left side of the front and to carry on the inspiration there is a peplum skirt embroidered all over with a pattern of coral beads intermingled with tiny crystal ones and a gold thread.

\* \* \*

This bead embroidery runs around the neck and sleeves and forms a girdle similar to that used on the black satin frock mentioned above. To wear with this Madame Georgette, of Giddings, suggests the chic little toque from Julia (seen in the sketch vis-à-vis) that is of black velours sectioned by means of lines of henna-colored (obsolete, terracotta: up-to-date, henna) embroidery, with a great Panjandrum "little round button at the top."

\* \* \*

Small ornamental buttons running down the back, by the way, are a feature of several of the French model frocks of this season. They may be of cut steel, or set with brilliants, and sometimes slides to match the latter are used, employed in somewhat unexpected manner, as for instance on the combined velvet and angora wool model from Jenny shown above, also at present a member of the Gidding household.



*A Premet frock of blue serge whose creation has evidently been inspired by the coral-stranded "mandarin" button. Small editions of it decorate one side of the bodice and a design worked out in tiny coral and crystal beads with a gold thread covers the tunic, edges the neck and sleeves and forms a heavy girdle. From J. M. Gidding.*





**J.M. Gidding & Co.**  
564-566 and 568 Fifth Avenue 46th and 47th STS.  
"THE PARIS SHOP OF AMERICA"

INTRODUCE

*Fashions Internationally Correct in*

*Furs - Millinery - Gowns*  
*Wraps - Suits - Coats - Blouses*

WASHINGTON PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK PARIS CINCINNATI DULUTH

Importers ~~~~~ Originators

# Vanity Fair

## UNDERSILKS

FOR those of us who tip the scales even a tiny ounce beyond fashion's rigid limit, ways and means of "denying our flesh" are tremendously important.

There's nothing that gives us quite the straight up-and-down slimness, with never a hump nor bump to mar the line that a silk union suit does!

One objects to the ordinary silk union suit because it simply won't stay closed—it has an uncomfortable tendency to gap. Now, Vanity Fair just loves to solve problems like that and the "sure-lap" union is the result of much deliberation. There's not a snap nor button on it to keep it closed—it's all in the way it's cut and that way is patented.

There's a difference in the shoulder straps, too. Instead of the usual ribbon shoulder straps that seem positively to evaporate when washed these straps are of hem-stitched glove silk! They don't go wandering down your arm, either! They're closer together in back than in front and this angle keeps them just where they belong, on your shoulders!

Whether it's in unions, vests, knickers, envelopes or Pettibockers, you'll always find a special "something" about Vanity Fair undersilks that means either added comfort, beauty or wear. They're all made of the jersey silk that you "can't wear out." All the better shops carry Vanity Fair—write us if you have any difficulty getting just what you want.



No. 34822  
Showing garment  
under hose



No. 34822  
Showing  
hose  
under  
garment



**SCHUYLKILL SILK MILLS, READING, PA., U. S. A.**  
*Makers of Vanity Fair Undersilks and Silk Gloves*

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Boston

Chicago

San Francisco





COATS WRAPS  
FURS  
SCARFS MUFFS

Exclusive Models Wide Variety

In the Season's Most Fashionable Furs

*Photographs and price list sent on request.  
Please specify whether particularly interested  
in coats or sets that we may better serve you.*

**C. C. Shayne & Co.**

Manufacturers of

*Strictly Reliable Furs*

126 West 42d Street, New York



NO class of women knows so much about perfumes as the actress. She has always specialized in them along with the other cosmetics—I think you could call a perfume a cosmetic under the dictionary definition of "cosmetic, something that beautifies"—that are an integral part of her profession. She has always known and used the best, which means the highest priced, which means, in turn, the French imported perfumes, and notably those of Houbigant and Guérlain.



A fresh shipment of both, we are happy to report, has just arrived from the other side. It looked for a time recently as if there were going to be a distressing shortage, but fortunately that period has passed. The price of even these highest-priced products has advanced, of course, but that is only to be expected. And we must have them. Some so-called luxuries rank really as necessities and such are the Houbigant and Guérlain perfumes. They are the perfumes that are the most deliciously fragrant and sense-stirring, that are pervasive and elusive all in the same breath, as a real perfume should be.

Houbigant's famous *Idéal* has had a recrudescence of popularity among the stage and society women and is being widely used again, in both the Extract and the Toilet Water. It is just a little less expensive than the newer *Quelques Fleurs*, which is Houbigant's last "odor supreme" and comes to us with the fashion approval of Paris. There are besides the "*Coeur de Jeannette*," one of the favorite perfumes of Queen Alexandra, which smells like an old-fashioned garden; the always staple *Violettes* and a *La France Rose* rich and heavy and lasting, almost like an attar of roses. And others.... With all of these extracts go the corresponding soaps and talcs and face powders and toilet waters: also an *Eau Végétale* in all the different odors, used instead of toilet water and less even in price.



*Rich and rare perfumes should be housed in rich and rare bottles and cases! So the amber liquid of Quelques Fleurs, Houbigant's last new odor, reposes in a clear crystal bottle in a pale blue box and the subtle and indescribable scent of Guérlain's Parfum des Champs Elysées in a hand-carved bottle with a red morocco leather case*

If I had my way I should have a number, a set of perfumes, selected to be sure within certain limits to suit my personality, and use them according to different costumes and moods and occasions.

This, by the way, is also what Monsieur Guérlain, the head of Guérlain et Cie, believes should be done. It is his greatest delight to create "rich and strange" perfumes, and two of his newest creations are the *Parfum des Champs Elysées* and the *Parfum Rue de la Paix*, which impart the atmosphere of those wonderful streets themselves and suggest the mingled scents that are wafted to one from the courtyards of the old houses that line their way, curious, intriguing perfumes.





## The safe way to remove hair

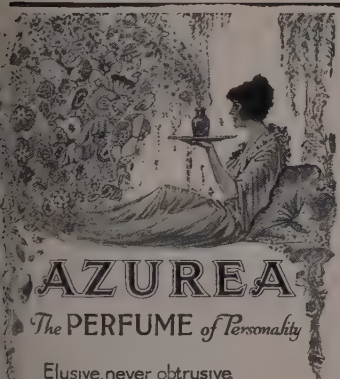
Of course you'd like to re-  
move hair from the arms,  
under-arms, and face, so that it  
won't come back—but you  
can't. There is no safe way.

The safe way—and the easy  
way—to remove it temporarily  
is Evans's Depilatory. Won't  
make hair grow either faster or  
slower.

Easy to use, handy and safe  
—get it today of your drug or  
department store or from us by  
mail.

George B Evans  
1103 Chestnut St Philadelphia  
Also makers of "Mum"

Evans's  
Depilatory  
Outfit  
75c



## AZUREA

The PERFUME of Personality

Elusive, never obtrusive,  
it refines the toilet  
and defines the  
gentlewoman

15 cents brings a dainty  
BEAUTY BOX with generous  
samples of AZUREA Face Powder,  
Sachet Powder and Perfume



Sample to Canada Prohibited  
by Canadian Government

PARIS L. T. PIVET & Co. France

CHAS. BAEZ Sole Agent for U.S. and Canada  
Dept "d-8" 24 East 22d Street, New York City

## Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent  
the hair from growing again. Easy,  
painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet  
free. Write today enclosing 2 stamps.  
We teach Beauty Culture.

D. J. MAHLER

271-A Mahler Park Providence, R. I.

THE EMPIRE STATE  
ENGRAVING COMPANY

165 WILLIAM STREET,  
NEW YORK

Telephone 3880 Beekman

# Palais Royal

BROADWAY AT 48th ST.

Second Season of the Only Continental Music Hall  
in America

## "America's Most Famous Restaurant"

The smartest rendezvous in New York,  
so different, so refined—featuring the  
finest cuisine served to perfection in a  
delightful atmosphere with the most  
elaborate show ever presented

## "The Spice of Life"

By John Murray Anderson, with Music by James K. Hackett  
Twice Nightly (including Sunday) at 7.15 and 11.15 P. M.

NO COUVERT CHARGE FOR DINNER

For Reservations, Phone 9440 Bryant



For  
sheen  
and  
softness

Shampooing regularly  
with PACKER'S TAR SOAP  
protects the health of  
the scalp and brings out  
the beauty of the hair.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP  
Cake and Liquid

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS

The only Department of its kind in any magazine—devoted solely  
to amateurs and their work.

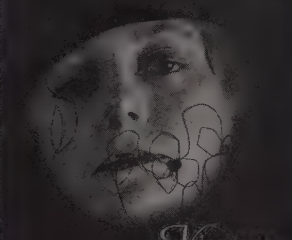
Every month in the Theatre Magazine



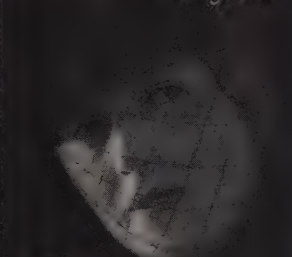
Mutti

VAN RAALTE

Veils



Virginia



Rainbow



Seventeen

VAN RAALTE  
Veils

WATCH the sparkle of  
your eyes, the allure  
of your smile—the dozen  
and one unguessed graces  
revealed in your face by a  
becoming Van Raalte Veil.

E. & Z. VAN RAALTE  
Fifth Ave. at 16th St., N. Y. C.

Look for this little white ticket

VAN RAALTE MAKE



# Furs

OF SUPERIOR QUALITY  
DISTINCTIVE IN STYLE

## Practical Christmas Gifts

1—Misses' Hudson Seal  
Coat with collar, cuffs  
and border of Natural  
Squirrel.

2—Misses' Taupe Nutria  
Coat.



### C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

391 Fifth Avenue

New York

## MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 280)

William Courtenay was very impressive as Baldassarre. Sidonie Espero sang well and Evelyn Egerton the governor's daughter, looked beautiful and blended nicely in the picture.

**PRINCESS. "JONATHAN MAKES A WISH."** Play in three acts, by Stuart Walker. Produced on September 10, with this cast:

Aunt Letitia	Elizabeth Patterson
Susan Sample	Beatrice Maude
Uncle Nathaniel	George Gaul
Uncle John	Ainsworth Arnold
Jonathan	Gregory Kelly
Mlle. Perrault	Margaret Mower
Hank	Edgar Stehli
Albert Peet	Joseph Graham
Mary	Elizabeth Black
John III	John Talbott

**THIS** piece did not enjoy long life on Broadway.

Jonathan was a lad of fourteen who wanted to be an actor-playwright-manager. But his tyrannical uncle was resolved to make an engineer of him. They quarreled. Uncle boxed Jonathan's ears and locked him in, and the boy climbing out at a high window, had a fall. Jonathan became delirious. He was a hunchback, and none of his old acquaintances recognized him. Then he climbed a green hill, reached the top of the world, preached a little sermon to boys of fourteen, and jumped off. Eventually, Jonathan recovered. Then he quarreled again with the autocratic uncle and went away with the sympathetic one, who was a writer of best sellers and had an income of \$350,000 a year.

Before his fifteenth year Jonathan had written forty-one plays. I hope, at least, some of them were better than Stuart Walker's. The first act of "Jonathan Makes a Wish" was extremely interesting and full of promise, but the last act merely reiterated it, and the intervening one—the injured boy's ravings—was a dreary waste of the spectator's time. I suspect it of symbolism, but venture no further than the suspicion.

**MOROSCO. "THE WALK-OFFS."** Comedy in three acts, by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced on September 17, with this cast:

Mary Carter	Frances Underwood
Sonia Orloff	Fania Marinoff
Ah Foo	Elmer Ballard
Carolyn Rutherford	Roberta Arnold
Peter Grandin	Charles A. Stevenson
Schuyler Rutherford	William Roselle
Judge Charles Brent	Percival T. Moore
Mrs. Alicia Elliott	Janet Travers
Kathleen Rutherford	Carroll McComas
Murray Van Allan	Fred L. Tiden
Robert Shirley	Winston Edmond Lowe
George Washington White	Emmett Shackelford

**IT** has remained for the Hattons to exhume "The Love Drive," after New York had twice buried that piece last season. To it they have added a dash of "She Stoops to Conquer," and then finished off with an act from "The Taming of the Shrew."

The trite story is inundated with wit that usually misses fire. Practically its only amusing moments are furnished by the bibulous ex-husband, assisted by his tearful and amorous ex-wife. And it is chiefly the acting of William Roselle and Roberta Arnold that makes these rôles effective.

The others of the cast give the piece the interpretation it deserves.

Edmond Lowe is as offensive as anybody could wish as the Kentuckian, and Carroll McComas is quite as artificial as the woman who stoops to conquer him, and is eventually bullied into submission.

**CENTRAL. "FOREVER AFTER."** Play in three acts, by Owen Davis. Produced on September 9, with this cast:

Ted	Conrad Nagel
Jack	John Warner
Jennie	Alice Brady
Mrs. Clayton	Mrs. Russ Whytal
Mr. Clayton	Frank Hatch
Nan	Isabel Lamon
Private Nolan	Maxwell Driscoll
Tom Lowell	Frederick Manatt
McNabb	J. Paul Jones
Miss Webb	Bernice Parker
Doctor Mason	J. R. Armstrong

**THIS** latest work of Owen Davis is merely another instance of what incredible stuff may achieve presentation on our stage. The story is trite and undramatic, the characters are generally without semblance of reality, and the dialogue is for the most part without distinction.

A delirious soldier lying near the firing line lives over three episodes in his past life—one in which he first told the rich neighbor's daughter that he loved her, a second in which he stroked the Harvard crew, just after learning of his father's death, and the third in which his excessive pride made him tell his sweetheart that he no longer cared for her.

Thereafter—I am sure it is quite needless for me to add—he went to war, got wounded, and inevitably was carried to that very room in that very hospital over which his ex-fiancée presided as a Red Cross nurse. What war play, story, or movie nowadays is complete without this highly probable concluding incident?

As happens so often, the acting was generally much superior to the material. The skill and sincerity of Alice Brady and Conrad Nagel made the parting scene in Act III seem almost real, even when reason revolted at the idea of an upright Harvard stroke-oar and A. B. being reduced to acting as soda jerk in a village drug store.

### The Czerwonky Recital

**A** MUSIC event of considerable interest will be the appearance in this city at his own recital this month of Richard Czerwonky, the well-known violinist, teacher and composer, lately concert master of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and now director of the violin department of the Bush Conservatory, Chicago. Mr. Czerwonky will be heard at Aeolian Hall on November 13 next in a programme arranged with a view to encourage his fellow American artists by playing their compositions. The programme is as follows: 1. Chaconne, by Bach; 2. Concerto in B minor, D'Ambrosio; 3. a. Prelude, Spalding; b. Menuet in olden style, Hochstein; c. Humoresque, Stoessel; d. Serenade Negre, Macmillan; 4. a. Etude Melodique, Rode-Elman; b. Improvisation, Saenger; c. Reverie, Enrico Polo; d. Dance, Czerwonky.

## Ribbon is decreed by the leading French and American Stylists.

The very newest ideas in dress call for a greater use than ever of RIBBONS.

Untold are the possibilities revealed by

### LADY FAIR

the new "J.C." double-faced, satin ribbon. Colorful and bewitchingly beautiful, it adds a much desired touch of real charm to the garment it trims.

Other successful "J.C." ribbons are

Satin de Luxe  
Sankanac  
Trousseau  
Thistle  
Democracy

All registered trademarks

"J.C." ribbons are on sale at the better stores. Buy by name.

JOHNSON, COWDIN & COMPANY  
40 East 30th Street, New York





# EGYPTIAN DEITIES

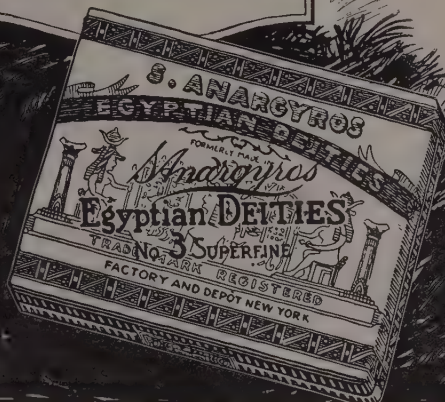
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette.

30¢

*Anargyros*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



NOBODY  
ever changes  
from  
Rameses

the Aristocrat  
of Cigarettes

Why?

The Famous French  
Depilatory Powder  
**X-Bazin**

**Dame Fashion Says:** "Sheer fabrics, for blouses, afternoon and evening gowns." No smart woman can afford not to remove the hair from her arms, and arm-pits. Fashion and modesty demand this of her. X-Bazin, mixed with water, dissolves any superfluous hair in five minutes just as soap removes dust from the skin, leaving it smooth and white and soft.

50c and \$1.00 at all drug- and department stores, or we will mail direct on receipt of price. 75c and \$1.50 in Canada.

**HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., 224 Washington Street, New York City**

**VAN RAALTE**  
*Package Veils*

Made in U. S. A. At All Good Shops

**PARTICULAR** women enjoy the knowledge that their veils come to them fresh and untouched by other hands.

The Van Raalte individual package veil is convenient, economical, and sanitary. 25c—35c—50c according to mesh and quality.

If you cannot get them from your dealer, send us your address and we will see that you are supplied.

**E. & Z. VAN RAALTE**  
5th Ave. at 16th St., N. Y. C.

**AMERICAN ACADEMY  
OF DRAMATIC ARTS**

Franklin H. Sargent, President

**(The standard institution of dramatic  
education for thirty-three years)**

Detailed catalog from the Secretary

**ROOM 172, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK**

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

**AMATEUR THEATRICALS**

The only Department of its kind in any magazine—devoted solely to amateurs and their work.

Every month in the Theatre Magazine

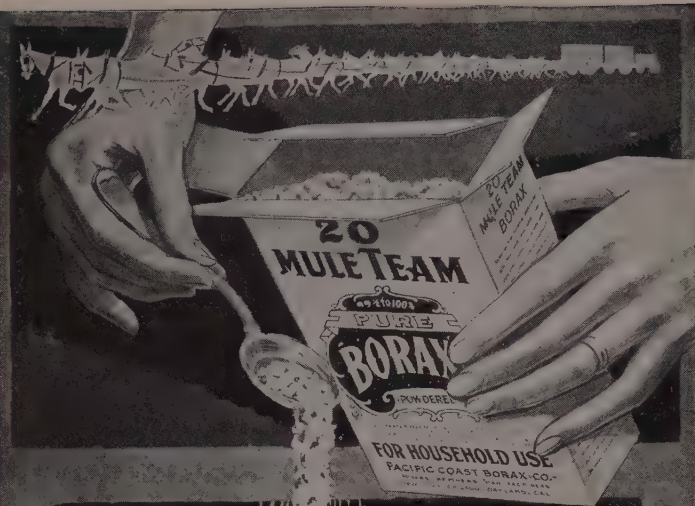
**\$400  
in Prizes**

Would you write a jingle for \$150? It might be worth it to us. Nine prizes—\$150, \$100, \$75, \$25 and five \$10, to be awarded Dec. 15th for short rhymes which best describe **ZYMOLE TROKEYS**. Used wherever voices are used. Keep the voice fit. Not cough drops—but mildly antiseptic throat pastilles of real worth. At all druggists.

**Frederick Stearns & Company**  
1246 E. Jefferson Ave.  
Jingle Department Detroit, Mich.

**Zymole Trokeys**  
"FOR HUSKY THROATS"





## For the Toilette

**SOFT** water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But



### MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You may find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell  
**20 MULE TEAM BORAX**

For the  
Bath



## COLUMBIA RECORDS

WITH the opening of the operatic season close at hand, Columbia announces three new records of exceptional interest in its list of November music.

One is that scintillating musical skyrocket, the "Questa O Quella," of the heartless Duke in "Rigoletto," sung by Lazaro. The second is by Georges Baklanoff, the great Russian baritone, who contributes the exquisite Fishers' song from "La Gioconda." The third is another famous baritone aria by Riccardo Stracciari, "Pari Siamo" from the "Rigoletto" that is the most notable performance in Stracciari's varied repertoire.

Just the softest, sweetest, crooning lullaby that ever wafted off a drowsy pickaniny into slumberland is "Ma Curly Headed Babby" sung by Hulda Lashanska. It is one of the best of the new November Columbia Records.

Another notable record in this group is made by Barbara Maurel, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water" and "By the Waters of Munetonka" are exquisitely rendered on this beautiful record.

"Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Loch Lomond" are songs that thrill even in the mentioning. The only measure of beauty that could be added to either is to say that Oscar Seagle sings it.

Dance music is represented of course, by a half dozen or more of the latest dance hits, played by famous dance music makers.

## VICTOR RECORDS

**L**IEUTENANT JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, U. S. N. R. F., is a busy man these days, and we are fortunate that a happy opportunity arrived which enabled him to bring his band to the Victor factory to record some of the latest march tunes of the invincible American Army and Navy. "Sabre and Spurs" pictures a patrol of American Cavalry, and "Solid Men to the Front" is a remarkably spirited march, which suggests that "Solid Men," contrary to the habit of solid bodies move quickly. Hear these marches once and there is no need to ask the composer. "Mate o' Mine" is a tender song offered this month by Clarence Whitehill. His palpable sincerity and the exquisite tenderness of feeling to which his voice lends itself so sympathetically make this record one of exceptional interest. "The Golden Cockerel," a new Victor record sung by Mabel Garrison will not fail to interest lovers of music. "N'Everything," by De Sylva, Kahn and Jolson is as American as its name, full of energy and "pep" and "I Want You to Want Me" are two splendid fox trots for November.



## El-Rado

The  
"Womanly" Way  
To Remove Hair

From the underarms, face, neck or limbs, El-Rado is a sanitary lotion that simply washes the hair off by dissolving it. You can wear chiffon sleeves without any dress shields after removing the hair with El-Rado. Entirely harmless. Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps or coin if dealer cannot supply you.  
PILGRIM MFG. CO. Dept. F 112 E. 19th St., N.Y.

## CHAMBERLAIN BROWN

(AGENCY)

1482 BROADWAY

9130 BRYANT

### Exclusive Manager for

BLANCHE RING  
GRACE LA RUE  
FRITZI SCHEFF  
ZOE BARNETT  
EMILY ANN WELLMAN  
JULIA KELETY  
MARIE CARROLL  
MARTHA MAYO  
CONRAD NAGEL  
LEON GORDON  
MARION COAKLEY  
MIRIAM COLLINS  
ARTHUR C. HOWARD  
FRANK MAYO  
CHRISTINE NORMAN  
NENA BLAKE  
ELISE BARTLETT  
GEORGE KINNEAR  
ADA MEADE  
ALFRED GERRARD  
LOUISE DRESSER  
FRANCES CARSON  
EMMA CARUS  
ARTHUR ASHLEY  
BETH FRANKLYN  
HARRY FOX  
CLARA JOEL  
EARL BENHAM  
SYDNEY SHIELDS  
REGINE WALLACE  
NORVAL KEEDWELL  
WALTER LEWIS  
HELEN LOWELL  
GILDA LEARY  
MABEL WITHEE

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., October 1, 1918, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State of New York aforesaid, personally appeared Lot Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are, Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York, Editor, Arthur Hornblow 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Hen Stern, 838 West End Ave., New York, Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the full names of stockholders and security holders, but they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock or securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated herein. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1918. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, Bronx Co. No. 41. New York Clerk's No. 200. New York Co. Register No. 10263. (My term expires March 1920.)



# MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



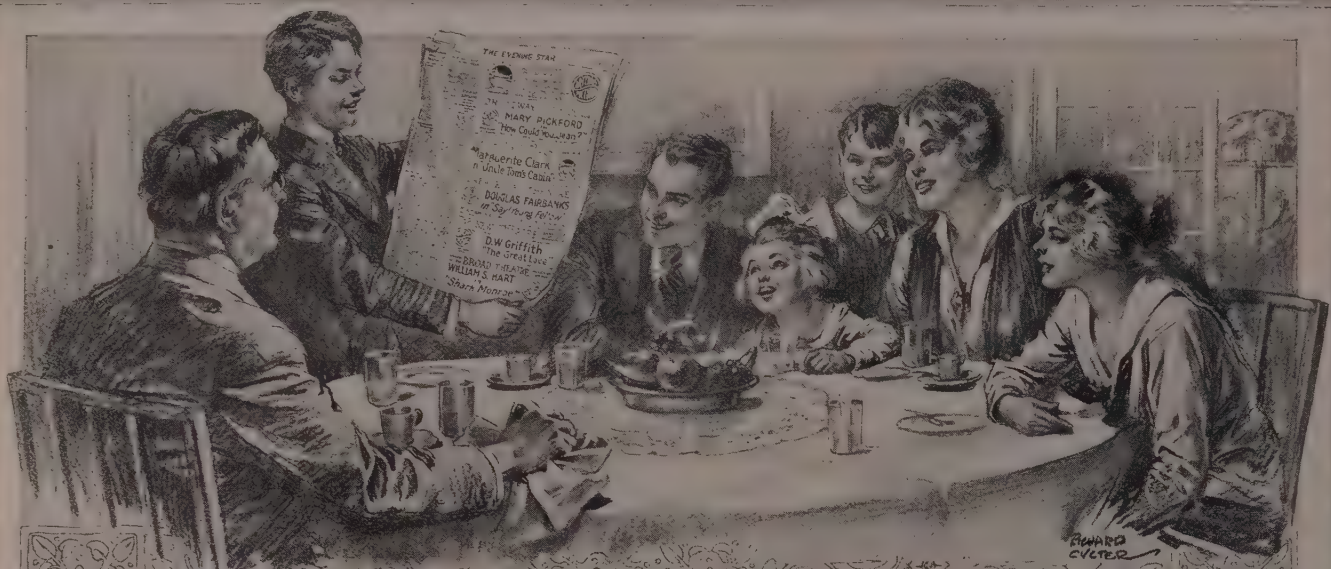
Photo Campbell

Specialty posed for Theatre Magazine

## MISS ANNA CASE

The charming operatic star who sang at the Treasury Department, Madison Square Altar, and Public Library during the Liberty Loan Drive in New York, with great success. She is soon to appear in moving pictures





# "What do we see tonight?"

ALL right, pile in! Plenty of room for five in the good old bus, so pile in, all seven of you! What do we see tonight? We don't know yet. But the best theatres in town are showing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures.

And after ten minutes or so you are still John H. Everyman of No. 19 Henry Street, in the same suit of clothes, —

—only you don't know it.

According to your friends and relatives, there you are in your chair. But as far as you yourself are concerned, you are somebody else entirely; and somewhere else altogether. One minute you are helping the unfortunate comedian run a little faster, and the next you are slamming the door in his face.

You, and at your time of life!

Full-grown and sophisticated and everything—and look at you!

Yes, and you can be envied! You have proved that you are not so fire-proof blasé as you might be.

Unconsciously you have proved another thing, too; the vital difference between Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures and run-of-the-ruck "movies."

If you recall *which* motion pictures were notable in the stories they were built upon, masterly in the way the scenes were built on those stories, supreme in the fame and talent of the stars who played them and in the genius of the directors who staged them, and clean throughout—you will also recall that "Paramount" and "Artcraft" were the names under which they were featured.

That is why you tell yourself your two hours have been well worth while, as you pack all seven of them back into the machine. Let 'em jabber, back there in the tonneau! It's a good old world!

## Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

*Three Ways to Know* how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

*one*—by seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

*two*—by seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

*three*—by seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.



**FAMOUS PLAYERS - LASKY CORPORATION**  
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General  
NEW YORK



"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED. IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"



# YOUTH



THERE is an old adage that youth must be served and will always come into his own.

\* \* \*

The events that have transpired during the past four years, not alone in connection with the present world war but in every line of endeavor have brought forth the youth of our land, as exponents of "big things."

\* \* \*

It is strange to contemplate that ten or more years ago a man under the age of forty-five was considered to be still undergoing his preliminary course in "experience" and real big things were not entrusted to one, unless grey hairs of advancing years shown prominently.

\* \* \*

But to-day things have taken a complete turn about. Walk along Broadway and there witness the stream of commissioned officers ranging from Second Lieutenant to Lieutenant-Colonel and the majority of them are still hairless on their upper lip.

\* \* \*

Take the record of things that have been accomplished within the past four years in the theatrical and motion picture profession and we find in comparison to previous years a superior record of achievement in the same line of endeavor, totaling up the score altogether in the favor of the young man and young woman.

\* \* \*

And youth, its struggles and its victories when either recorded in novel form, or dramatized, or visualized upon the screen, have been proclaimed with a degree of success that no longer accorded the book or production dealing with advanced years.

\* \* \*

Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" and "Penrod," the stories of which revolve around the life of youth have been successful beyond expectation and the author himself is a young man of but twenty-nine years.

\* \* \*

Take as a concrete example the production "Once To Every Man" just completed but not as yet released, by The Frohman Amusement Corporation. Here is a story glorifying the achievements of youth, written by Larry Evans, a young man of twenty-seven years, an author, magazine writer and playwright having just written the stage success "Someone in the House";

the screen version was written by Anthony Paul Kelley, a young man of twenty-three years, who is also the sole author of "Three Faces East," one of the most popular, if not the most popular Broadway attraction now running; the director,

But this being the age of youth, when men of affairs appreciate the fact that brains do not lodge only in the cranium of a septuagenarian, it is reasonable to expect that a virile, active mind unobsessed with either routine or tradition will continue to



Jack Sherrill and Mabel Withee in a scene from "One To Every Man"

Hayes Hunter is but thirty-five years of age and has done some of the biggest things in the motion picture industry credited to any one man.

\* \* \*

The star, Jack Sherrill is a boy of twenty years who up to this time has been starred and featured in no less than fifteen special photoplay productions.

\* \* \*

The co-star is Mabel Withee of eighteen years, who has been featured in Broadway shows under the management of the Shuberts for two years.

\* \* \*

The camera man is but twenty-seven. The performance of this aggregation in connection with this production would ordinarily have been ascribed to persons of more matured experience.

do those things that the changing condition of the new world demand.

\* \* \*

And what is the reason for this sudden advent of youth in the arena of life? To what are we to ascribe this recognition of ability to the younger men of to-day. Concretely in our opinion it might be said that as a necessity, a complete metamorphosis has been worked because of the new view of life which the world has been compelled to accept.

\* \* \*

The laws that heretofore have been considered immitable are being altered and abandoned, even the arts themselves are pursued with a different code. The cubist movement, the woman suffrage movement, the acceptance of international brotherhood of man and down to even the

art of photoplay production, when people no longer accept the substitute for the real, certify to a change that has been worked in the worldly operation and with this vast and complete "turn about," the young man has been given his rightful position. In effect we would compare all of this to a cleaning of the slate and the starting over again with everybody afforded an opportunity to make good. Youth heretofore submerged, has arisen to this occasion and to larger endeavor with success to himself.

\* \* \*

In the field of motion pictures where new ideas and original conceptions of things count for so much, a young man takes advantage of the opportunity, is plunged into the center of things so that his hand being new he has become in the main the guiding genius of the progress of motion pictures and theatricals generally.

\* \* \*

If we may be bold enough to predict the future, I would say that the bigger things that are to come in every line of endeavor, including that of the silent drama will in the majority emanate from the young man, ever anxious to originate, still forging ahead, creating and devising, always giving birth to new ideas, leaving it to the more matured minds to pass judgment and approval; and why should not youth be encouraged in his endeavors; why should he not even in his early years be permitted to become the father of big things? While his impetuosity may cause him to travel far and often on unsafe ground yet there will always be culled out of the sum total sufficient to add to the joy of things and make life worth while.

\* \* \*

The Croix de Guerre and the Medale Militaire of war, while now being awarded mainly to those youths who are shedding their life's blood on the battlefield of France, so to Palm the Merit and Achievement in the peaceful pursuits of life are being rightfully handed to the young man.

\* \* \*

And in the art of photoplay production we feel that we can always depend for its steady progress upon a mind that is unharnessed by tradition, and that the public will always look with favor on the rising generation, to reveal yet bigger things in the unexplored regions of the silent drama.





## BLANCHE SWEET

who returns to the screen after more than a year's absence under the management of Harry Garson. Miss Sweet has just finished what is said to be the most unusual story ever seen in Motion Pictures "The Hushed Hour," and is now filming Major Rupert Hughes' "The Unpardonable Sin" which is being directed by Marshall Neilan.

Both pictures will be released about November First.



# THE PIE PIONEER

The founder of the squashed pastry school of photodramatic art has a word or two to say on its development



IN the old days of stage burlesque the main comedy ingredient was a prop made of two pieces of wood bound together at the handle and designed so that, when brought into forcible contact with any stationary object, such as the seat of a comedian's trousers, it gave forth a resounding whack. It was the noise of the whack that spread the laugh. The discomfiture of the object attacked by this peculiar prop was secondary in the risibilities of the audience to the crack of the two pieces of wood as they came together. Psychologically the noise started applause, just as it started a cackling sound of laughter in the audience. Such was the birth, the reason for being, and the ultimate justification of the slap-stick.

\* \* \*

The proof that it was the noise that started the laughter and not the action of the slap-stick was found when the moving picture comedy came into being. In the silent drama the slap-stick was used in precisely the same way as it was on the stage. It was brought into immediate and sudden juxtaposition with various portions of the human anatomy but the result was a dire failure. Not a cackle from the audience; not a ripple of applause. The thing was a failure on the screen. Why? Because the noise could not be heard. Silent comedy demanded a new slap-stick.

\* \* \*

Enter Mack Sennett on the scene with an idea. The comedy of the slap-stick must be visualized, he reasoned. The noise is no longer in it. What can take its place? What can be used to register the results of the slap-stick, carry that result to the eye and make it last long enough to tease a tickled laugh from the tired theatre trotter? What indeed, but a custard pie?

\* \* \*

Such was the birth, the reason for being and the ultimate justification of the custard pie in pictures. And therein Mack Sennett showed himself a student of psychology and earned the honorary title of the pie pioneer of the screen. To-day rough-house comedy is still known as "slap-stick" but there is not a slap or a stick in a single foot of the sort of mirth-makers Sennett puts out. There is little of the pie stuff, too. That has gone by the boards. But the time was when it was the high-sign of screen comedy, the sure fire laugh-getter of the black and white, the giggle tickler of the silver sheet.

When Mack Sennett discovered the astonishing natural phenomenon that a custard pie brought into forcible contact with the human face spreads considerably he became the father of the slap-stick and the soft pie picture. The slap-stick he did not invent but he made that type of movie fashionable. The pie-throw was of his own invention.

Neither pie nor stick were the

reputation. Other men have followed him along the way he blazed through the wilderness and some there are who can throw pies straighter than Mr. Sennett's first assistants but they are not comedians. There are dare-devils who will drive motor cars over steeper cliffs than Mr. Sennett selects for his luckless actors but they belong in the circus. The Charlie Chap-

these latter are too inane to hold a permanent appeal for picture patrons.

"What I mean is this: 'The Importance of Being Earnest' is a light comedy a most admirable one for the speaking stage. In pictures, plays of that kind cannot be produced. Such a comedy's punch comes from clever dialog, not from action or strong characterization. So it is, that light comedy producers of pictures try for themes that offer action and strong characterization and, if they do not turn to burlesque, they are no good at all.

\* \* \*

"Picture comedy must have exaggeration that takes it into the realm of burlesque. Stage comedy that has exaggeration turns out to be farce. There are few adequate farces in pictures; they turn into burlesque and the easier they turn and the more surely they turn, the more appeal the picture comedy will have for the public.

"Do you get what I mean? Burlesque is to the picture play what farce is to the stage comedy, only it is far more difficult to achieve and, if properly done, represents a higher degree of artistic endeavor, just as the satirist represents a higher degree of literary endeavor than the humorist. It is not easy to achieve burlesque. One must have a twist in his make-up that gives him a different point of view on life. Above all one must be serious.

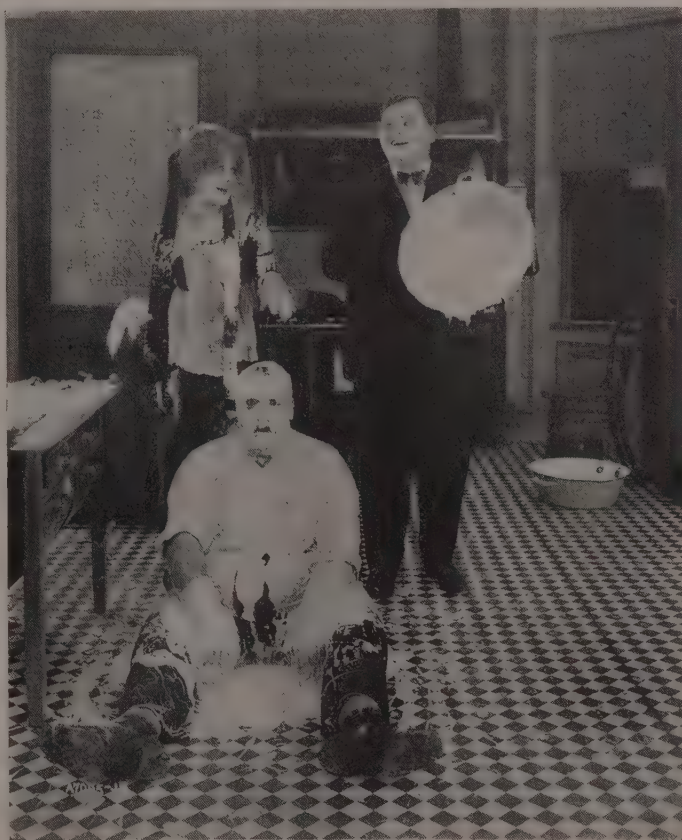
\* \* \*

"Actor, producer and subject must start seriously if good burlesque is to be achieved. The subject, for instance, may be the story of a household in which a water pipe bursts, floods all the rooms and carries the inmates out into the street. That is a serious enough subject. The burlesquer appreciates its seriousness but he turns that serious situation into burlesque, for after all it is such an exaggeration that it can be nothing but burlesque if it is to be swallowed by the spectator at the movies.

\* \* \*

"The actor must be serious, too. If he tries to be funny, he ruins the effect. That is as true on the stage as on the screen. For all Fatty Arbuckle's good-natured grin, the audience never gets the idea for a moment that he thinks he is funny. Charlie Chaplin's seriousness is his biggest asset. If Charlie laughed while he accomplishes his tricks, the audience wouldn't.

(Concluded on page 325)



One of the happiest moments of Fatty Arbuckle's life

least of his discoveries, however. There was water. Formerly people imagined that the funniest thing one could do with water was to pour it over men and women. Mr. Sennett showed us our error. He poured his men and women over water, shooting the chutes with them over lakes and ponds and watery streets and bounding billows.

\* \* \*

Mr. Sennett made other discoveries. One was that slap-stick comedy without a comedian to do the slapstickery is not comedy at all. For the comedians he picked he will be remembered when the slap-stick has long since turned to rotting wood. To his pie, his waterworks, his spectacular finales, his oh so beautiful girls, he owes but little of his

reputation. Other men have followed him along the way he blazed through the wilderness and some there are who can throw pies straighter than Mr. Sennett's first assistants but they are not comedians. There are dare-devils who will drive motor cars over steeper cliffs than Mr. Sennett selects for his luckless actors but they belong in the circus. The Charlie Chap-

\* \* \*

It is on the very point of burlesque that Mr. Sennett waxes most eloquent. "Picture plays have got to be one of two things to interest the public," he vouchsafed to me in the course of my still hunt into the mysteries of the pie-throw. "They have got to be straight drama—with comedy relief, of course, and all that sort of thing—or they have got to be plain burlesque. There is no such thing as a good light comedy in pictures. There are a few good farces and plenty of attempts at parlor comedy picture plays but I believe



# MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

STRAND. "COME ON IN," with Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex. Written by John Emerson and Anita Loos and directed by Emerson. "Come On In" at least varies in its story and stars from the regular Paramount offerings. "Come On In" is a satire on the failure of German Propaganda in this country, into which there has been intermingled the story of a youth, who having acquired a bump upon his head, is thereby enabled to pass the height test of the army by a scant half inch, and a maiden fair whose mania for spy catching, results in complications both humorous and thrilling. The refreshing personality of Shirley Mason and the quaint humor of Ernest Truex add considerably in establishing "Come On In" as a picture well worth seeing.

\* \* \*

RIALTO. "OUT OF A CLEAR SKY," with Marguerite Clark. A well directed picture, but a bad story. Consequently much disappointment registered by a restless audience. An impossible near-war story, in which little Miss Clark does nothing new, but in which she is however ably supported by

Thomas Meighan. To speak in the vernacular "Out of a Clear Sky" is not so good.

\* \* \*

NEW YORK ROOF. "RULING PASSIONS," with Julia Dean, Edwin Arden, Claire Whitney and Earle Shenk.

The following is reprinted from the program, and tells all about the aims, ambitions, desires, etc., of The Schomer Photo Play Producing Co.

In presenting our first photoplay, "Ruling Passions," we start out with the hope that we will merit and obtain the approval of a discerning Exhibitor, a discriminating Public and a critical but kindly Press.

We believe that the Screen should aid in the education of the Public, but that it should also entertain and amuse; the entertainment, however, should be intellectual and the amusement wholesome. This, in our opinion, can be achieved only by raising the Screen to the full dignity of an art.

It is with the Exhibitor, the Public and the Press, who are its natural censors, that the progress and elevation of the Screen to an art must lie.

In "Ruling Passions," we aim to give the public clean and intellectual

entertainment. We believe that Art should speak to the mind; that it is to the mind alone that it should give pleasure. If it seeks to excite the senses, it ceases to be an art and becomes a trade.

\* \* \*

The story is poor, and has been dragged out to interminable lengths. Edwin Arden, who has since died, was immense. Julia Dean, Claire Whitney, and Earl Shenk are exempt, inasmuch as any performers could have played the parts assigned them equally well, and at much less expense to the producer. The titles are weird, bad spelling and bad grammar their main assets. The story means nothing and gets nowhere.

\* \* \*

SYMPHONY. "TOGETHER," with Violet Mersereau. I wish that the Universal would find a story for Violet Mersereau that would do her justice. "Together" is very far apart in continuity. The star takes two parts and in so far as her work is concerned, it is the most creditable part of the picture. The story is weak, and the lighting and photography is spotty, yet Oscar Lund has done rather well with the ma-

terial at hand. "Together" is only a fair picture, that will just about get over.

\* \* \*

44TH STREET THEATRE. "SALOME," with Theda Bara. The William Fox version of Salome is based on the Chronicles of Flavius Josephus, Historian of The First Century, directed by J. Gordon Edwards, scenario by Adrian Johnson, and photographed by John W. Boyle. The screening of Salome is as unessential as using gasoline on Sunday. It may not be Miss Bara's fault if the story is risky as it is one which will allow of vamping to the nth degree. Put such a story in the hands of the screen's most capable vampire and the results are easily imagined. "Salome" is a picture that will recommend itself to that portion of our public that delight in sensational, thinly moraled productions with plenty of kick. It is a massive production upon which no expense has been spared. The photography and direction are commendable, but just how "Salome" is going to get by in cities where the Board of Censors are anything but a joke is beyond me.

## FRANCE--THE REAL MOVING PICTURE

By LOIS MEREDITH

*Passed as Censored Without Deletions*

Miss Meredith is now on the Western Front as a member of a Y. M. C. A. Entertainment Unit entertaining the American Troops



YOU have seen thousands of moving pictures advertised as "The Real Moving Picture," maybe millions. I have played in scores myself that have had the same advertising caption, and now that I am in the midst of the greatest drama of all times, I think I have found the REAL Moving Picture. Oceans of ink have been used, and will be used, by people writing about France as a nation of fighters, of real people, but they will never be able to give it its full share of credit. From what I have seen of France from its southern coast, with its dim outline of white stone houses standing out in contrast to its green hills, flanked by the deep blue of the ocean to the shell-marked roads of the famous "Western Front" France to me has appeared as a big moving picture. Its opening caption, "cut in" or title, choose your own professional term for it, are the small harmless looking camouflaged submarine chasers that come out to welcome your big steamer as you come in. A string of them unwind themselves, and the spray they dash up seems to say "Don't worry, we are here to protect you." A little further on in the first reel, you meet some more funny little boats that seem to have a train on them like a

lady's evening gown. They are the mine sweepers, as they bob along you think if they could talk, they would say "Go right ahead, we are sweeping the ocean so it will be safe for Democracy." You sail up a beautiful river, lined with castle-shaped houses, and now and then a fort with saucy looking guns comes in view. No director in the world, no matter how good he might be, could get the dash and drama into these sights that really exists. We might call reel number two the impressions that one has upon landing upon the soil of France. The first thing you notice is that the men are all either mere boys or old men well on in the winter of life. They all smile a welcome smile to the American, and I must confess a chill or two ran down my back as the American troops on the ship I crossed on, marched down the gangplank under heavy marching outfit, their guns swung over their shoulders in business-like style, one of the color sergeants proudly flying the American flag, there was just enough breeze to make it blow out in soft ripples, and the early rising Frenchmen who were on their way to their daily tasks, saluted as it passed. Here was a real mob scene, with no supers, as the battles those boys

have fought have proven that each one is a principle. Reel three one might make Paris, Gay Paree, the setting of many a comedy, now the center of a great drama. Paris is playing its part well, it has its amusements, its gaieties, but not like the Paris of musical comedy days, the blue lights that it uses at nights to protect it from the Kaiser's airplanes, give it a grave touch, but what it lacks in gaiety it makes up in beauty. Its even skyline seems to smile defiance to these night sky prowlers who come to destroy it. The people smile when you mention the war, and shrug their shoulders, they are used to it now? Paris makes a good third reel for any feature picture. Reel four might be the small French town, any small French town near an American camp. The doughboys making purchases in the small stores, struggling with their idea of the French language, the smiling French shopkeepers doing their best to keep from laughing out loud. Now and then you see one of the Sammies (I don't know why, but they do not like anyone to call them "Sammies." I hope the boys who told me this do not see this article) sitting on the stone step before the entrance to some French home talking the best he can to

some smiling French damsel. I have seen two of them help a little French girl clean the big plate glass windows of the shop she worked in. Surely this comes under the head of some kind of drama. The old people in these French towns cannot restrain themselves from showing their affection for the Americans. I have seen old men salute Buck privates on the street. I suppose reel five should be the battle-front. I am afraid I have gone far enough now, in attempting to describe what I have seen there, is a task too large. The boom of a gun, in war-times cannot be written on paper, and the boom of hundreds of guns is just that much harder. Sisters of the stage who may read this should come over and see for themselves. The Y. M. C. A. would be glad to have them and the American boys they help to entertain would never forget them. I can tell them now frankly, that a tin helmet does not make a bad looking hat, but it is not very easy to act carrying a gas mask on the "alert," meaning on your chest, ready to put on in six seconds. But you will like it. Movie directors, movie artists, and movie fans, the real moving picture is the nation that helped America years ago—France.





MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW



White

MISS BLANCHE BATES



© Victor Georg

MISS ELSIE FERGUSON



MISS RAY COX

MOTION PICTURE STARS WHO HELPED MISS RAY COX PUT OVER THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN  
AT THE STAGE WOMAN'S WAR RELIEF LIBERTY THEATRE IN FRONT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY



Second of the  
Series of Eight  
Happy Pictures  
*Starring*

**Lillian Walker**

✦ *The Girl with the  
Golden Smile* ✦

SHOWN AT ALL THE BETTER  
MOVING PICTURE THEATRES

**A**n adaptation of the widely  
read novel "FRAN," by  
John Beckenridge Ellis. A de-  
lightful story of an extraordinary  
girl with a wonderful smile and a  
great longing for love and home.

*Released thru the W. W. Hodkinson Corp.*

**Lillian Walker Pictures Corp.**  
501 Fifth Avenue, New York City  
LESTER PARKER, PRESIDENT





Josephine Hill who makes of "Minna" in "The Troop Train" a lovely little lady. "The Troop Train" is an Edgar Lewis production



(Left)

Alice Joyce making a new discovery in a scene from "Everybody's Girl" a Vitagraph feature

(Right)

This is Bill Hart without his western camouflage. He looks pretty good, doesn't he?





# THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORPORATION

ANNOUNCES

The Early Release of Their Latest De Luxe Photo Play Production

ENTITLED

## "ONCE TO EVERY MAN"

WITH

**JACK  
SHERRILL**

AND

**MABEL  
WITHEE**

From the Novel  
of the Same Name

BY

**LARRY EVANS**

ADAPTED BY

**ANTHONY PAUL KELLY**

DIRECTED BY

**T. HAYES HUNTER**

This is a Play of Youth—with its Love, Heartaches, Struggles and Victories.

A Big, Powerful, Virile, Wholesome, Clean Story, that will appeal to every Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, in the land.

*Ask Your Exhibitor To Book It*

**WILLIAM L. SHERRILL,**

*President*

310 TIMES BUILDING

NEW YORK CITY



## CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG---ARTIST AND WOMAN



MANY poets have made the immortal lover of the poetically moral Marpessa say, "Thou art not created to strive or toil but only to be beautiful, only to be sweet." This might be said of Clara Kimball Young. One hears many expressions of admiration as to her beauty, artistic attainments and admirable qualities, but I question if some of her most lovable traits are sufficiently well known to be properly appreciated. One which is rather rare and wonderful, especially in a star who shines in such a brilliant firmament, is her womanliness and her great attraction for women. History has it that beautiful women usually attract, in the main, only men, but Miss Young draws women to her as a magnet. I think women admire her really more than men for she has a peculiar understanding of her fellow women and holds in her heart a fondness for them as great as is theirs for her.

\* \* \*

Miss Young's life has been spent almost entirely, despite her arduous profession, in "a home," even though transient and temporary, with both her parents.

\* \* \*

One of the few things which brings a cloud of unhappiness into



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Miss Young's life is being separated from her father and mother. Her father, Mr. Kimball, who is a well-known old actor, acts with her in practically all her pictures. It is a tacit agreement with her managers that he shall be with her in all pictures where it is possible, as she greatly prefers working with him to

anybody else, and in the making of pictures Miss Young is an autocrat. She is one of the strongest believers in the art of progress and idealism in the profession. She accepts only the best, and assists in perfecting that which her company produces, not only through her own acting, but supervises, creates, dreams over, and in every possible way, regardless of effort or discomfort, aids those with whom she works to achieve the ultimate of perfection. She is a devotee of art for art's sake; she has a broad knowledge of literature, painting and sculpture and surrounds herself with the beautiful as far as she can. She is at the present time making a deep study of Spanish and Italian art, both from the love of it, and the fact that she leaves nothing undone which will add to the perfection of detail which is with her a religion. She has traveled far and wide. Egypt is not the sphinx country to her for she has solved all its mysteries. Africa is not a burning blaze of unknown country for she has discovered all its wonderful little known beauties. She has a Kipling love of the sea, both in storm and calm. Her spirit of adventure is almost manlike in its fearlessness. She was the first woman to fly around the Statue of Liberty, and

though, as she did this in the early days of air travel, she was deemed almost crazy to assay it; she came down smiling and saying, "Oh, it was such fun—I shan't be satisfied until I get into the clouds."

\* \* \*

It would probably surprise many of Miss Young's ardent admirers to know that despite her cheery smile and always sunny manner, she is, in her personal life, unusually studious, quiet and almost averse to gaiety. Quiet evenings with her father and mother appeal to her very much more than butterfly flittings. Rendering help or giving comfort to those less fortunate than herself, is one of her chief pleasures, but like all big natures she does this quite without flare of trumpets or beating of drums. Her left hand is always quite ignorant of the many things done by the right hand.

\* \* \*

Miss Young is starting her second season at the head of her own organization under the management of Harry Garson. Her next picture, which will be released about the time this publication goes to press, is "The Road Through the Dark," to be followed by "Cheating Cheaters," which had such a long and prosperous run.

## THE PIE PIONEER

(Continued from page 319)



"There are some subjects that should not be burlesqued, some that cannot be. I do not believe in burlesquing war or public officials, or anything that has to do with a patriotic subject. Fundamental traits of character offer the best starting points for burlesque. The jealousy of the villain, exalted heroism, anger, love, hunger, cattishness, pride, humility and all that sort of thing offer subjects for burlesquing, if the dictates of good taste are followed.

\* \* \*

"The hair trigger comedy has come to be an institution in the movies. I believe its appeal is due to the fact that it doesn't ask any favors. You know there are a lot of movie dramas that don't ring

true, no matter how much salt you consume with them. They just don't happen that way in real life and yet the picture asks you to believe in it heart and soul. If you want to enjoy it, you *have* to believe in it heart and soul.

\* \* \*

"But with this present form of slap-stick comedy, you don't have to sacrifice your intelligence at all. You know perfectly well such things don't happen in real life and it is the very fact that they *don't* happen like that, that makes them interesting to you. When a man is hit over the head, he doesn't rock and totter like the smiling idiots of picture burlesque. But does that detract from your feeling of amusement?

Not a bit. You laugh because they don't act that way in real life.

\* \* \*

"Speed, pretty girls and spectacular effects are three essentials of good burlesque. And to-day the greatest of these is pretty girls. I dare say you have seen a few of them on the screen. Sometimes they appear in bathing suits. You have no idea how appealing that is to the general public. Or have you?"

\* \* \*

Thus spake the pie pioneer. Another day we shall ask this philosopher of burlesque what the screen is to expect after the slap-stick and the pie? Already Fatty Arbuckle is using watermelons for the necessary squashiness of comedy and much of the fun of the newer Sennett pic-

tures is based on situation where formerly it was based entirely on action.

\* \* \*

Can it be that the swing of the pendulum is to bring us genteel comedy—not quiet comedy, heaven forbid, but comedy wherein the comedian's clothes are not quite so spotted with grease? It is up to the pie pioneer to tell us when. When Mack Sennett says slap-stick must go, then the days of screen burlesque are numbered.

\* \* \*

What we get will be worth waiting for. The Charlies, Fattys, Bens, and Chesters may all die of a broken heart but every part must have its martyrs. We can afford to view the future with equanimity.



# UNWINDING THE REEL



**W**HILE other motion picture companies are moving Heaven and earth to make a quick removal of their studios to California, the World Film Corporation is not alone standing pat but its officials declare that the concern has no intention of moving its production division West. The company, the officials say, will continue to produce feature pictures at Fort Lee, N. J., for a number of very good reasons.

First among these reasons is the fact the removal of so many companies to the Coast will leave for those that remain in the East the biggest sort of a field of successful, skilled actors and actresses to choose from for the parts below those of stars and leads in new productions. For a number of years stage actors and actresses have been playing in pictures during the day time and doing their bit before the footlights at night, thereby earning two salaries and making a decidedly good living year in and year out. If these thespians follow the flag to California it means that they will be out of stage work and will have to depend entirely upon their screen earnings. This means that their income will naturally be cut in two, in addition to risking the hazards of screen fortune far away from their accustomed base of supplies. The great majority of them are sitting tight and staying in New York.

Already the World Studios have been flooded with applications for work from stage stars who have

been working for other film companies now removed to the Coast. The World is able to pick and choose the best and consequently make the casts for World productions super-excellent. Having this reservoir of skilled players to draw from, instead of being forced to break in rookies as many Coast companies have done, means a big thing to any company, which, like the World, is producing a feature picture a week. It means less time lost in casting, no retakes because of poor acting by some novice cast in an important rôle and a saving of time in rehearsals, make-up, etc. And the less time lost in a studio the more money there is saved.

Another important reason why the World is remaining in the East is time. A tremendous amount of time is lost in shipping prints and supplies back and forth between Coast studios and home offices in New York City. By concentrating home office, studio and factory in the East, the World eliminates all this expensive waste of time and, in addition, saves an enormous amount of correspondence that would otherwise be a necessary part of the work of producing on the Coast and distributing from New York. Time is a mighty vital factor in the motion picture business when a company's schedule calls for the prompt release of a feature picture each Monday of the year.

Still another big reason for the World remaining in the East, according to officials of the company, is this: Eighty per cent. of all the

most successful authors live in or near New York City. It is from the established authors that the biggest percentage of good screen material is obtained and it is by co-operation with the authors in the filming of the features that the big punches are most successfully put into screen dramas. Consequently it is a distinct advantage to have the producing end of the company in close proximity to the country's literary center because it is then possible to have the author work with the director and actors at the studio in properly interpreting his ideas.

The World, it is admitted, has made a careful survey of the whole production end of the business and everything that it has ascertained has simply served to strengthen the determination of the company's officials to continue producing at Fort Lee. While it is true that the locations in California are beautiful, World officials have found no difficulty in discovering locations within short distances of New York City which are equally as beautiful as those within reasonable distances of West Coast studios. Furthermore, there is an even greater variety of scenes within a striking distance of New York than near the California studios. The West is noted for the vast distances that must be traversed to get anywhere and traveling these days is a most expensive proposition. So in this point, too, the World feels that the weight of facts are all in favor of Eastern production.

The one big outstanding factor in

which California has it over the East is in the matter of sunlight. It is to get sunlight and avoid the expense of lighting a half dozen companies in the studios with many high calender power Kriegslights during the dark days of the winter that many Eastern companies are folding their tents and quickly scurrying toward the Golden Gate. But, while the World is perfectly aware of this condition of affairs, this company does not feel the impelling force of other companies of avoiding the winter's electricity bills. The fact of the matter is that the World took advantage of the long summer days to push to a completion enough feature pictures to maintain the World schedule of one release a week until spring. Consequently the World will not be put to the necessity of buying current for the lighting of a half dozen companies during the wintertime. The World can economize to the fullest possible extent on current and no matter what rulings the Government may make in regard to the consumption of electric current by motion picture companies, it is in a position to grin cheerfully.

Under these circumstances the emigration westward leaves the World satisfied. And, as stated above, the more companies that abandon the East, the more skilled actors and actresses there will be looking for motion picture engagements to add to their stage income, thereby giving the World the pick of the country's accomplished players for its casts.

**I**'LL be a famous artist," cried Adolphus Vincent Brown,  
"For Pa and Ma both say I am the genius of the town."

At four he drew a pig-pen and Papa was very pained  
If one could not decipher it—unless it was explained!

At ten he got "a hundred" for a map of the U. S.  
At fifteen had a picture in the Sheedunk Daily Press.

When nineteen years o'ertook him, why of course he knew it all,  
So he started for Chicago with his canvas, paints and mahl;

But the stores thought he was joking and the publishers were coy  
And the dealers said, "Go home and try to learn to draw, my boy!"

Then Adolphus got real wrathful and returned to Sheedunk, Mo.,  
And earns his dollar every day behind a spade and hoe.

\* \* \*

"I am destined for an authoress," said Hilda Libby Jones;  
"I'll be a Queen of literature—I feel it in my bones."

At school her compositions were exceedingly admired,  
And her Pa and Ma extolled her until everyone grew tired,

She wrote a little drama and the town said it was fine;  
Composed two poems, one called "Spring," the other "Summertime."

~ ~ ~

**S**AIID Bessie Barriscale, "I've lost in weight  
I'll take a rest before it is too late."

She went to Catalina for a while,

And slept a lot and sauntered 'round the isle,  
And bathed and fished and read and lazed and swam,  
And ate the little fish, likewise the clam.

Then Bessie hied her back to work once more,

Got on the scales, then gasped and cried "Oh Lor!

Her stories in the local press were full of love and fire,  
So she paid a dollar every week a typewriter to hire;

She purchased reams of foolscap—wrote on both sides of each page  
And when they came "Returned with thanks" it put her in a rage;

For the Editors refused her and the magazines said "No"—  
And now she tends the general store at Milton Center, O.

\* \* \*

"I'm going to be an actress," said Miranda Miriam Green:

Her family had said she'd be the greatest on the screen.

And Klickitat (in Kansas, please) applauded in amaze,  
As Miriam took the leading parts in all the local plays.

She was awfully cute as Portia and a ripping Peter Pan;  
In fact from farce to tragedy her great successes ran.

So—she said she'd be a screen star and she ran away one day,  
And joined a movie company, but never got her pay;

They could not see her talent, sure it was not understood,  
The director got quite nasty and her fellow artists rude,

So she swore that she would quit it and never more would roam,  
And now she cooks and sweeps the dear old parlor floor at home.

~ ~ ~

I've added fully twenty pounds," so then

She started to reduce these pounds by ten.

Ten times each morn touched toes with finger tips,

And twisted like a top with hands on hips.

Each evening skipped a rope and hurled chairs

Before she went to bed and said her prayers.

She exercised and rationed, not in vain;

For Bessie is her normal weight again.

W.....of the Coast.





*Fairchild*

Lillian Walker whose second Happy Picture is an adaptation of John Beckenridge Ellis' novel "Fran." This picture is now being completed on the coast



The latest photograph of Harold Lockwood, Metro star



Nazimova, popular Metro star who is now in California



No matter which way you look at this picture, it is Mae Marsh, Goldwyn star as she appears in "Hidden Fires"





Will Rogers as he appears in Rex Beach's story "Laughing Bill Hyde," released through the Goldwyn Distributing Corporation



A scene from "The Girl of Today," a Vitagraph feature in which Corinne Griffith is starred



Hale Hamilton, who has just finished his first Metro picture, "Five Thousand An Hour," a screen version of one of George Randolph Chester's famous novels



A tragic moment for Harry Morey in "The King of Diamonds," a Vitagraph picture





# Milo VIOLETS

delicately scented - gold tips

such is the fragrance and charm of these exquisite cigarettes that they are becoming the accepted choice of particular smokers the world over.



25¢ for 10  
box deluxe  
of 100  
\$2.50

if your dealer cannot supply  
you write to Dept. M.V. 8th floor,  
1790 Bway, N.Y. or Dept. M.V. 38  
Cathcart St, Montreal, Canada.





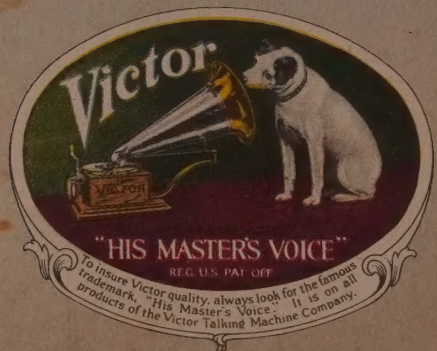
# Cheering our boys in France

Caruso is singing in the trenches in France tonight. Alma Gluck is there, too, and John McCormack and Geraldine Farrar and Galli-Curci and all the glorious golden voices. The violin of Heifetz and Zimbalist, the piano of Paderewski are heard. Sousa's Band is there and the pathos and laughter of that sturdy, fighting Scotsman, Harry Lauder.

Thousands of miles from home in a land torn by battle, our boys yet listen to the spiritual voice of Art. Through the Victrola, the mightiest artists in all the world sing to them the hymn of victory, cheer them with their wit and laughter, comfort and inspire them.

"A singing army is a victorious army," says General Pershing. The great artists of the world are on the firing line, rallying our hosts about the banners of Freedom.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.



# Victrola